

THE CHRONICLE

Of Horse and Hound In America

BREEDING FOX HUNTING RACING HORSE SHOWS

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Thoroughbreds

By Salvator

Dame Fortune Smiles Upon John Marsch Who Races For Racing's Sake

THE FIRST of the series of great Futurity events for 2-year-olds was run last Saturday at Washington Park, Chicago, where the big summer meeting usually held at Arlington Park has been under way for the past four weeks.

Transportation difficulties having been such as to render a meeting at Arlington Park impossible, that for 1943 was transferred to Washington Park; which was an easy matter in view of the fact that both tracks are under the same management and, in most regards, form a sort of Siamese-Twin pair.

The Futurity run last Saturday was that named in honor of the track sponsoring it, the Arlington Futurity. This was the 15th in the series, which began when Misstep took the inaugural in 1927.

At that time it netted the winner \$9,360.

Since then its value has increased enormously.

Last season it was worth \$51,500 to Occupation.

Last Saturday it was worth \$48,650 to Jezrahel, whose victory was sensational.

He was one of the triple entry of John Marsch, of Chicago, who also won the 1942 renewal with his famous colt Occupation. The other pair carrying his colors comprised Occupy, own brother of Occupation, and Broadcloth.

In his previous efforts in recent weeks Occupy had established what seemed to be a complete dominance in the 2-year-old field racing on the Chicago tracks. His superiority appeared so great that he was deemed a "moral" for the Futurity, and this sent the Marsch trio to the post at even money.

And then one of the uncertainties of racing developed.

A very heavy track greeted the 12 Futurity aspirants and most of them ran themselves into the ranks of the weary before they reached the wire. And, most particularly, those that went out in front in the early stages.

Occupy was one of these. He was never worse than 3rd, in near attendance of the leader. As they swung into the home stretch he went to the front and half way down he looked to be master of the situation, a sure winner.

But just then his stable companion Jezrahel, hitherto well back,

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Oakland Horsemen Need More Space For Annual Show

Grounds Found Too Small To Accommodate Crowd For First Exhibition

By Selma Piazzini

The First Annual Metropolitan Horsemen's Association Horse Show, held July 11th at Leona Stables, Oakland, to take the place of the Association's Annual Barbecue, was such an overwhelming success, enthusiastic officers and committee members are already looking for a larger background for next year's show. Very nearly 2,000 spectators witnessed the one-performance show and the stable was hard-pressed to find standing room for them.

In spite of the fact that the hunter and jumper classes were held on the outside course nearly a block from the ring at a late hour in the afternoon, the audience uncomplainingly moved down and sat in cars or stood until the loudspeaker system could be set up and the classes run off.

Over 150 horses were entered in the show with an additional fifty who appeared in the Grand Parade; and since membership in the Association includes horsemen scattered throughout California, there were top California horses in all divisions.

An abrupt hill, directly behind the ring, served as the setting for the ap-

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Tiney Tim Arrives By Auto For Blue Grass Performance

Rides With Other Members Of Warner Family To Minneapolis Show

By Woogie

Sunday, July 11th. The Junior Victory Horse Show was held at the Blue Grass Stables in Minneapolis, for the benefit of the St. Paul Red Cross (a show having already been held for the benefit of the Minneapolis Red Cross.)

Zandra Morton and Cynthia Kelly planned the show and made all the arrangements, also rode their horses; Golden Rust and Lady Grace, turning in some very nice performances.

Mrs. Leon Warner Jr.'s Tiney Tim, was the sensation of the show, not so much for what he did when he arrived but his actual arrival. Have you ever seen a pony in a car? A car not a station wagon. Well! we who attended Blue Grass could not believe our eyes, when a small car pulled up with Mrs. Warner, her two children: Mary and Julia and Tiney Tim, all within. Julia rode him to win a "red" in junior equestrian (a horsemanship class for those under 9). The Priebees, Mayo, Marcia and Paul, were prominent in the pony class, winning all three ribbons, on their respective mounts, Pinky,

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Steeplechasing

Rosy Future For 'Chasing Is Seen—Promoters' Efforts Are Well Rewarded

When our own "Spectator" was in Detroit, he wrote a pencil footnote on his story—"These people will make it and their next meeting will go big." That was the general impression he gave this office. This writer has several times emphasized the fact that Detroiters were there when it came to promoting anything in the way of good sport, especially with horses over brush or timber.

Just size up what they were up against this year—this has been one of the hardest seasons back on the eastern side—nearly all the horses are far better off for having a bit of a layoff and will finish up the year in better shape. Those that were taken out to Detroit will want a bit of a rest before going at it again back in the east. Then, nearly all the men who are actively interested in the sport are either up to their ears in some war work or other, or are actually away with the services. The only one left was Charley Pierce, and in spite of the fact that his company must be busier than ever now, he found time to take a great deal of active interest in the 'chasing. But then he could only be one man after all.

So—the result has been that they have had to cut down their program—but then again, they have a course built in an approved and practical manner and are now in a position to manoeuvre round to hold their next meeting when horses can come on without it being too hard on them. This they will undoubtedly bear in mind. There must be coordination between all places where horses go over brush or hurdles to get the best racing—that is unless each place has a strong home contingent in the way of horses. Even then one can't run against the same horses all the time.

Now comes word that Aqueduct has "done noble" in raising their purses for their autumn meeting and also that Saratoga (at Belmont) is putting in a hurdle course, using an excellent set of hurdles.

While we are on this—we have been able to make arrangements to have better and more pictures of 'chasing events for the rest of the season and feel that thus we may be able to keep their number and quality up to the excellent stories that Spectator is good enough to write for us. The Chronicle is a HORSE

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A Day In Leicestershire

By DeCourcy Wright

It has been eleven years since I hunted in Leicestershire, and many memories have grown dim, while some have faded away altogether. Yet there are many more which have faded very slightly, and fortunately for me, I can call up at will numerous episodes which occurred in that delectable expanse of grass-fields to the tune of galloping hoofs and the cry of hounds, as if they had happened only yesterday. All the horses which I took with me and brought back again, are dead and so are many of the people over there, whom I came to know and like. Much of the grass-land has been plowed, some of the farms and villages desolated, and almost unbelievable changes, due to the war, have impressed themselves upon the daily lives of the people, but I dare to hope that even the horrors of war have not dimmed the charm of the English country-side. At least my memories of it have not been altered.

"This precious stone set in a silver sea" has been somewhat scarred, but has not been dislodged from its setting, and the expectation that there will always be an England, seems fully warranted. No doubt there still are countless scenes hardly changed, even from the days of Shakespeare, from whose descriptions I received my early impressions of rustic scenes in England, some of which I was able to verify by personal observation later on.

Of course English fox-hunting does not go back that far, and the many meets which I attended, were anything but Shakespearean in character. I

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Hunting Notes:-



The Parson Visits America

By A. Henry Higginson

Parson Milne—or to give him his full ecclesiastical title, the Reverend Edgar Astley Milne—"Jack Milne" to his intimates,—is perhaps better known to American hunting men than any English Master of Hounds in recent years. Just why this should be so I don't know, unless it is that he once paid a visit to our shores and because he is perhaps the most distinguished English M. F. H. who has ever sat down at the annual dinner of the Masters of Foxhounds Association of America. That was almost fifteen years ago, and as I had the pleasure of being the Parson's companion on that memorable trip, I think it might interest some of the younger American hunting men to hear about it and hear something of our distinguished visitor's reactions to American hounds and American hunting.

How long ago it seems! It was when I came to England in 1928 that I received a letter from the late Henry Vaughan, who was at that time Secretary of the American M. F. H. Association, in which he besought me to try to persuade some distinguished Master of Hounds to come to America that winter and judge at the New York Foxhound Show, at the end of January. I broached the idea to Milne one day when we were out hunting with the Cattistock, of which he was then Master. "I would like to go," he said. "I suppose Kennie could hunt hounds" (he was referring to his Joint Master, Lord Digby). "Should we be gone a long time?" I answered that I supposed a month would cover it and I am afraid I lied a bit when I said that it would be an easy trip; but the Parson was as keen to go as we were to have him and on the 16th of January, 1929, we sailed from Southampton on the White Star liner "Homer", which was due in New York on Wednesday, the 23rd.

I suppose it was cutting things pretty fine, for the Hound Show was scheduled for Friday, the 25th, but the steamship people assured me that there was no possible chance of delay. There were some pleasant people on the boat—Sir Alfred Butt, the theatrical manager, Mr. Evans the senior partner of Heinemann's, who had just published the history of foxhunting in the United States and Canada, and one or two others. For three days we had a perfect passage and then the elements broke loose and we were treated to as rough a crossing as the commander of the ship could remember. For five days it blew a gale and the sea

ran very high. I don't suppose there was the slightest danger, but since neither Milne nor I were good sailors, we had a rather uncomfortable five days. Moreover, it became evident that it was going to be a matter of touch and go whether we got to New York in time for the Show or not, which did not add to our happiness. I have often wondered what Milne's first impressions of the New World must have been on that bleak January morning when we steamed into New York harbor. Something like the impressions that the Pilgrims must have had when the "Mayflower" approached "the stern and rockbound coast" three centuries before, I fancy. To be sure, the shores were not wooded, for New York's famous sky-scrapers took the place of the New England forest; but it was bleak and cold and raw—and he was late for the Show that he had come 3,000 miles to judge.

If there was disappointment in being late, there was also some excitement attendant on our arrival. Our friends ashore had done everything possible to expedite our landing. The courtesy of the port was extended us; we were the first persons off the ship; and the customs officials were most courteous in the purely nominal inspection of our scanty baggage, and the climax came when we stepped out into the street. A uniformed motorcycle policeman met us at the gate and ushered us into my own automobile which was waiting, gave a signal to three other motorcycle policemen who were in attendance, and up the street we started with an escort of motorcycles clearing the way ahead. Such time as we made that afternoon! I've never travelled so fast through the streets of New York in my life, and I never expect to do so again. It hardly seemed ten minutes before we were at the Riding Club in West Sixty-sixth Street, and in another minute we were in the ring, and old Milne was receiving greetings from the many American Masters who were there to meet him.

The New York Hound Show is very unlike Peterborough. To cite one difference only, one sees but one sort of hound at Peterborough, and here in the New York ring Mr. Milne saw not only the type with which he was familiar but also had his first glimpse of the American Hound—of which he had heard so much; and harriers and beagles too; for all those varieties of hounds are represented at the Show which was held under the joint auspices of the M. F. H. Assoc-

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Captain Crowe Goes Night Hunting With Shropshire Hounds

By Captain Philip K. Crowe

On the ribbon of road a thousand feet below a cluster of dots surrounded the toy figure of a man. My pilot had noticed them and being a hunting man himself, we dropped down for a look-see. There was no mistake about it, a pack of hounds was being exercised and not so far from the airport to which we were going.

That evening, after work was over, I read my old 1939 Baileys and ascertained that Colonel A. French-Blake was master of the South Shropshire fox hounds. Kennels were well within the taxi radius of Shrewsbury and the Master kindly agreed to meet me there the following evening and let me help exercise.

The drive over was full of color to any reader of Nimrod. We passed Berwick Castle, where the gypsy's curse still denied the eldest son his birthright; bridged the Severn where John Mytton, although unable to swim himself, followed his hounds across on his old hunter Victory. The stream is what Jorrocks would have called "a navigable river, or h'arm of the Sea", and how the Squire managed the current is beyond me.

Colonel French-Blake and his kennel man, Bullfinch, met me at the door of the kennels and seemed as delighted to see me as I was to see them. It is a hard and sometimes thankless job to carry on with hounds in war time England and anyone with the interest to come and see them is always more than welcome.

Fourteen couples of bitches are maintained. The basic blood is Welsh, stemming mostly from Currie with strong outcrosses of Brocklesby and some Belvoir.

All were in good conditions and I couldn't help thinking that it pays to keep a few hounds fit rather than try, as in some other packs I have seen, to carry more hounds than one can manage. I was particularly impressed with Rosebud, an almost white bitch who whelped four exact counterparts of herself last Spring. I would hate to have had to tell her daughters apart, or her from them in the field. No dog hounds are kept.

A good old hunter was saddled for me and we rode out with hounds to the pastures beyond Annscroft. It was nearly ten by then and the quiet of the evening lay over the fields. The Welsh mountains were burnt gold behind us and far up on the little range of hills in front we heard a hound open. "It's old Henry", said the Colonel. "He hunts a lot at night and if we are not careful we will be having some trouble with these."

Hounds were definitely interested by then and it was only by some sharp cracks of the whip that we restrained the young entry. The cry of the small pack,—there could not have been more than two couple,—rose and fell on the night wind, and I felt a strong desire to join them. The Colonel felt it too for he suddenly wheeled his mare and said, "How about taking these home, and bicycling up to the hills for some music?"

It was almost dark when we returned. The little pack were still driving their fox and we had no difficulty in keeping parallel to them in the lanes. Henry, a jovial Shropshire farmer, loomed up in a light cart and we loaded the two cycles into the back. Not since College days, when one used to hunt with Will Thraves in the mountains near Charlottesville, Virginia, had I listened to

Types Of Hounds

These are gleanings from Duncan Fife's "This Huntin' Business"—the book was sent me from England some years ago as a Christmas present, it is all funny. Here are some bits of it. D. L. H.

Having known cases when the hound is considered to be quite an important part of a successful Hunt Establishment, a short chapter on this animal may not be out of place.

Now in a stone wall or drain country one must have a hound with LEGS. When I say legs, I mean LEGS—not the sort that make the eyes of the Peterborough judges pop from their sockets—nor jockey legs, lady legs, hush-hush legs, now-now legs, nor yet elephant legs, wasp, leading lady, or arm-chair legs. It will be evident to all those who have followed hounds over a stone-wall country particularly, that it is a nuisance getting off one's horse at every wall in order to assist the passage thereof of relays of hounds, although this may be quicker than knocking the wall down altogether. Therefore:—

Legs, legs—glorious legs,
Be they like barrels or pegs.
Swathed in their silken hoses,
(God bless these shorter clothes!)
Legs, legs—GLORIOUS LEGS!

Oh, pardon me!—I was thinking of something else, how tactless of me! There are other points necessary for a hound as well as legs. NOSE. No hound is worth his feed, unless he can smell. (Many members of the smaller breeds possibly surpass their food-value in this respect, but no matter.) TONGUE. Necessary because the brute would die of thirst without it—I can think of no other reason. And now a little tip for the show entries. The officials in the BEST QUARTERS have expressed the wish that all entries should be accustomed to THE FLAGS before judging commences. Which reminds me:

THE DAY

A group of black and tan and white

Stands on the gleaming flags.

They scratch or sleep, retire or fight

Like rutting-season stags.

Their owners—clasping liver balls Leap nimbly to and fro

With strange unnerving catawauls While balanced on one toe.

But naught comes of their leaps and bounds,

Which make them passing hot, And so the dazed, lethargic hounds

Are dragged away—and shot.

This saves a lot of trouble, and It nicely rounds my tale,

And leaves the owners to get canned

On good old British Ale.

(I don't care who wrote it—it's definitely GOOD).

hounds at night, and all of the old memories flooded back. The cry of these Welsh hounds was in fact strangely reminiscent of the Trigg strains back home and had little in common with the thin-tongued packs of the Midlands.

After a good hour's run the fox went to ground, and, as I had to fly South early in the morning, the Colonel and I regretfully pedalled home, but it was an evening to remember and one which some day, when the war is over, I should like to describe to our night hunters half a world away.

The Future Of Foxhunting

To The Editor,

Being a reader of The Chronicle through the courtesy of Mrs. Frank H. Griffin (P. G. G. of Rose Tree Hounds) and not a member of a club, I have waited in vain for a club member to follow through the discussion of the future of foxhunting in this country, started so interestingly by Mr. Higginson in the May 14th issue. Therefore because of my personal interest in the sport and through my experience as landowner, "dirt" farmer, ex-huntsman of a recognized pack, and huntsman of my own hounds, I would like to submit my criticism thereof.

First, it has been the custom of hunt clubs, particularly of late years, to elect as Master one who has the most money or leisure, or both, in which to conduct the duties of M. F. H. It should be very clear that by this method, the club may have an excellent M. F. H., or it may not.

Second, I have seen some members when riding over and through a farmer's property, greet him very affably and courteously, but when they meet him at a race meeting, or elsewhere, give him a curt nod or cold stare. This hardly tends to make a farmer feel hospitable.

Third, in southeastern Pennsylvania, for this is the section whereof I write, great industries have expanded. This condition has created demand for agricultural products furnished by the truck farmer; and farmers owning or leasing small farms given to raising vegetables, do not welcome a large pack of foxhounds. Then there is the pig farmer collecting garbage from the nearby cities and this occupation is mostly followed by those of a race alien to foxhunting.

As to the remedies, I would suggest that the hunt club make a serious effort to bring foxhunting to the whole countryside by inviting the interested farmers, landowners, storekeepers, in fact all interested foxhunters to every meet. This should be not alone, the sending of a card of fixtures, but the effort of personal contact by the M. F. H.

Arbitrary social barriers should be eliminated in the clubhouse and hunting field. Mr. Higginson's excellent suggestion of a committee of

club members and active non-member foxhunters to discuss and plan for the hunting, would be a great step forward in the cooperation among all foxhunters. All local foxhunters who are keen and interested followers of the hunt should be welcome to join the club if they wish and can afford it. (There won't be many of these). In this way their pride in and loyalty to the club will be aroused and held, and thereby, only will the sport of foxhunting for the whole countryside, as it is known in England, be achieved in America.

In view of the increasing modern problems, it is more important now than ever that foxhunters come together, work together and learn to understand one another; but, in view of all the facts, while it is true that foxhunters and foxhunting are tolerated and not encouraged by a great many, I cannot agree with the M. F. H. in Mr. Higginson's article that the fault lies entirely with the "damn hunt clubs".

Farmers I have talked to generally feel that foxhunting by a hunt club is on a more democratic basis, than where the hunt is supported entirely at the expense of one individual.

In Mr. Higginson's article he states that he believes Mr. Plunkett Stewart has solved the problem. Mr. Stewart has rendered outstanding service to the cause of foxhunting in America and there is no finer, more sporting or generous M. F. H. than he, still I do not think he is confronted with the problems of the average hunt club, as he and his personal friends own a great amount of the land hunted by Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Fox Hounds.

In closing, I ask that we seek cooperation among all foxhunters, that the members or committee of the hunt club elect as Master a man whose knowledge ability and temperament fit him for the task, for we would do well to think of the verse published on the front page of "The Chase", I quote:—

Yet if once we efface
The joys of the chase
And uproot the stud,
Goodbye to the Anglo-Saxon race
Farewell to the Norman blood.

Sincerely, Edward H. Quigley,
Woodside Farm, Glen Mills, Pa.

The Parson Visits

Continued from Page Two
lation and the National Beagle Club. It must have seemed somewhat kaleidoscopic to the visitor from overseas. Everyone wanted to meet him and greet him and thank him for having come so far to help out the show, and it was after seven o'clock before I managed to tear him away and get him back to the hotel in time to dress for the M. F. H. Association dinner, which on that occasion became a welcoming one for our English guest.

In a book of reminiscences which I once wrote, under the title of "Try Back", I have told something of the events of that evening and of the week that followed. Looking back over the span of years which have passed since then, I can recall many amusing little incidents; amusing to me because of his reactions to a manner of line which differed so greatly from that to which he was accustomed. For example, I remember that his first action on entering

our hotel was to rush to the windows and throw them all open, exclaiming as he did so; "This heat is terrible. I should stifle here in a few hours." The room was warm perhaps, but to me and to a friend who was with us it did not seem unduly so. On the day following his arrival we had a morning to ourselves, and I having a meeting to attend, turned him over to a friend of mine who promised to show him something of the city. He told me afterwards that Milne seemed almost suffocated by the height of the buildings and that he kept remarking,—"why, they're nothing but beastly rabbit warrens!" He went into a shop to buy some tobacco; laid a five dollar bill on the counter; asked for half a pound of tobacco; and asked the salesman if that was enough. In telling me about it afterwards, he said,—"I don't understand your money. Are these things"—he held out a dollar bill,—"pound notes, or are they only worth a few shillings? I've never seen anything like them before." We tried to explain the decimal system

on which the national currency is based, but he couldn't seem to get it through his head at all.

From New York we went to Philadelphia, where we were looked after by that super-host, Plunkett Stewart, whose hospitality is, as we all know, as boundless as the sky. Under Plunkett's guidance we visited not only his kennels but those of the Brandywine and the Rose Tree and Radnor as well. The Brandywine and Mr. Stewart's hounds he liked—I am afraid he wouldn't like the former in these days—but of the American hounds which he saw at the Rose Tree he said, "Well—of course I only saw them in kennels. They're a new type to me and frankly I don't like them to look at, and I cannot see any advantage in deviating from the type of hound which Mr. Mather and Mr. Stewart have. The sportsmen of Philadelphia, always the most hospitable in the world, exceeded themselves in the honours paid to our distinguished English guest. He was dined, and wine everywhere, and when we left Mr. Stewart's hospitable roof, after a most interesting dinner, to catch the train for Boston, I feel very sure that Mr. Milne carried away with him a very delightful impression of the sportsmen of the Quaker City.

In Boston it was the same thing. The Norfolk Hunt one day; Myopia the next, varied by a visit to Millwood where little Miss Neyhart gave Milne a chance to see American Hounds at his leisure; and finally a wonderful dinner given in his honour by dear old Henry Vaughan as a tribute to England's "Sporting Parson", after his hectic trip across 3000 miles on his visit to the hunting men of America. There was however one feature of interest near Boston which Mr. Milne did not see and thereby hangs a tale. Most of our time was taken up looking at hounds, etc., but there was one free morning, and Henry Vaughan, who was a sort of conductor-in-chief of our Boston visit, suggested to me that we take the "Parson" out to see the buildings at Harvard University. I demurred, and told Henry that I did not think they would interest him. He was quite indignant. "Why of course they'll interest him," he said, "after all the University was founded by John Harvard who was an Englishman, and they are well worth looking at—you ask him. "All right", I answered, "I will, but I know what the answer will be." So in due course I said, "Jack, Vaughan wants to know if you wouldn't like to go out to Cambridge this morning and see the buildings at Harvard University; they are quite interest-

Mexican Sportsmen Are Badly In Need Of Feed And Seed

Mexican sportsmen, who own large establishments throughout the Republic, evidently are planning to go into the business of raising horse fodder. On his return from Mexico City recently, Bud Burmester, Fort Worth, shipped 1000 bushels of prime Texas grown red and white oats to Mexico City, consigned to the Rancho Del Christo, owned by President Avila Manuel Camacho, which is being reconstructed into a first class Thoroughbred breeding establishment. Since the initial shipment, Burmester has been deluged with requests to ship oat and hay seed to Mexico, but, owing to

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ing." He thought a moment. "They haven't got any hounds out there, have they?" he said. I shook my head. "No, no, I don't think I care to go; nothing much to see," he answered. And so we didn't go to Harvard, although, mind you, Mr. Milne is a graduate of Cambridge University in England and a man of great learning. But that is the way the chase of the fox affects some men!

We went over to New York on the night following the dinner and spent the next day making our final arrangements for sailing. In the morning I took Mr. Milne down to the office of Al Woods—at that time one of New York's biggest theatrical producers—where his brother, Martin Hermann, who had secured our steamship tickets for us, entertained us, and ended by presenting Mr. Milne with a box for a musical comedy that evening,—to which we went in company with the Master of the Monmouth County Hunt, Rufus Finch, and his charming wife. That was Milne's final send-off, for from the theatre we took a taxi direct to the dock from which the "Acquitanian" was to sail at midnight; and this time, we had a quiet and comfortable passage to Southampton.

I think The Parson enjoyed his visit to our shores, but he has often confessed to me that he doesn't know where he went or quite how he got there; though he remembers well the packs which he saw in the kennels which we visited. Still—I am inclined to think that almost the happiest moment of that entire trip was the one in which he first caught sight as we steamed up the English Channel, of the Hardy Monument, which stands on the Dorset hills in the Catstock country.

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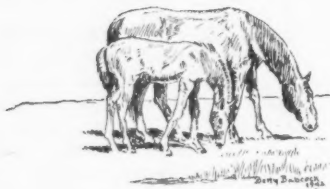
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Horsemen's News- Stakes Winners



Increase Needed In Horse And Mule Foals

The United States now is producing annually less than 2-3 as many horse foals, and but little over 1-2 as many mule foals, as are lost by death. Details by states were in folder No. 272, sent you on May 24, 1943, which has been given nation wide distribution. Almost 100,000 copies of No. 272 have been mailed since May 20th, reaching from 5 to 50 men in every county in the United States. An extra copy is enclosed for ready reference. Please pass it on to some farmer who has good mares.

The United States has 6,096,799 farms, as reported by the Bureau of the Census of April 1, 1940. The U. S. Department of Agriculture estimates there were 9,678,000 horses and 3,712,000 mules on farms, January 1, 1943, of which 12,270,000 head were 2 years or older, available for work in 1943.

This means that we had but a fraction over 2 work animals per farm if all farms are considered; but late studies of the 1940 census data by the Bureau of the Census of the U. S. Department of Commerce indicate that there were no horses, mules or tractors on 1,457,346 farms or 23.9 per cent of the total. These probably were mainly places with small income, which apparently hire their field motive power, if any is used, or were pastures, or non-tilled country homes. The remaining 4,639,453 farms had motive power as follows:

(a) Farms with tractors only, no horses or mules, 277,309, or 4.5 per cent of all farms.

(b) Farms with horses and or mules and tractors 1,132,388, or 18.6 per cent of all farms.

(c) Farms with horses or mules, no tractors, 3,229,756, or 53 per cent of farms reporting horse and mules or tractors, were operated wholly or in part with horses or mules.

Horses and mules therefore furnish all or part of the field motive power on 4,362,144 farms, which means there are a fraction over 2 1-2 horses and mules of working age per farm.

There were 1,567,405 tractors on farms when the census was taken. Sales of tractors in 1940, 1941 and 1942 were substantial, and it is estimated they brought tractors on farms up to about 1,800,000.

Recent reports from many horse and mule buyers and the state agricultural colleges indicate:

(a) There is no surplus of horses and mules on farms now. Even many 2 year olds are being worked steadily. Prices have risen from 10 per cent to 25 per cent.

(b) Breeding thus far in 1943 is generally less than in 1942, because of shortage of labor.

(c) Every effort should be made by all who are interested in horses and mules, to increase the breeding of good mares to excellent sires.

Out of an original entry list of 256, ten 2-year-olds went to the post in the rich Arlington Futurity at Arlington Park on the 17th. John Marsch's outstanding entry was **Occupy**, a full brother to **Occupation**, winner of \$192,355 last season as a 2-year-old and also winner of 5 futurities and 2nd in the Pimlico Futurity. Completing his entry were **Jezebel** and **Broadcloth**. The former, a son of imp. **Pharamond II—Jezebel**, by **Friar Rock**, assumed the lead from **Occupy** in the stretch and won by 1-2 length. Over a heavy track **Jezebel** was clocked in 1.16 1-5 which was quite a bit slower than **Occupation's** timing last year. **Occupy** was 2nd by 2 1-2 lengths over **A. C. Ernst's Alorter**.

Occupation's share of the purse was \$51,500 which was the largest in the Futurity. **Jezebel's** share of the purse this year was the 2nd largest, being \$48,650, while **Occupy** garnered \$6,000.

Longchamps Farms unbeaten **Mrs. Ames** and winner of \$24,645 in 3 outings, bowed to **Lazy F. Ranch's Cocopet** in the 2-year-olds' Mayflower Stakes at Suffolk Downs. **Cocopet**, a dark gray filly by imp. **Jacopo—Madam Carpet**, by imp. **Gino**, won her initial start in a maiden special weights at Belmont and made it 3 straight at that meeting. However, she was unplaced at Aqueduct and Arlington. The track for 5 1-2 f. was established last year in the Mayflower Stakes by **Through Bound** and **Cocopet** clipped one-fifth of a second off for a new track record.

Belair Stud's Apache finished 2nd in the Butler Handicap and came back to win the Fleetwing Handicap at Empire City over **Brandywine Stable's Pompion**. Allotted top-weight of 128 lbs., the 4-year-old son of imp. **Alcazar—Flying Song**, by imp. **Sir Gallahad III** assumed the lead after the start and was never headed. **Mrs. J. Grimes' With Regards**, in at 126 lbs., refused to break with the field, leaving only 6 starters. **Mrs. T. Christopher's Doublerab**, winner of the 1942 running of the Fleetwing, was 4th as **Mrs. Christopher's Kingfisher** finished 3rd.

Summaries

Saturday, July 17

Fleetwing Handicap, Empire City, 6 f., 3 & up. Purse, \$7,500 added; net value to winner, \$6,225; 2nd: \$1,500; 3rd: \$750; 4th: \$375. Winner: Br. c. (4) by imp. **Alcazar—Flying Song**, by imp. **Sir Gallahad III**. Trainer: J. Fitzsimmons. Time: 1.11 3-5.

1. **Apache**, (Belair Stud), 128, J. Stout.
2. **Pompion**, (Brandywine Stable), 113, J. Gilbert.
3. **Kingfisher**, (Mrs. T. Christopher), 112, V. Nodarse.

Seven started; also ran (order of finish): **Mrs. T. Christopher's Doublerab**, 118, S. Brooks; **Howe Stable's Cassis**, 109, B. Thompson; **A. T. Simmons' Erie**, 102, H. Lindberg; left at post: **Mrs. J. Grimes' With Regards** 126, J. Longden. Won driving by 1 1/4; place driving by 7; show same by 1 1/4. Scratched: **Omission**, Breezing Home.

Mayflower Stakes, Suffolk Downs, 5 1/2 f., 2-yr.-olds. Purse, \$15,000 added; net value to winner \$13,850;

Whirlaway

When the first sons and daughters of **Whirlaway** are offered at some future Saratoga yearling sale the chant of the auctioneer will be preceded by something like this: "And here we have a fine bay colt, by the great **Whirlaway**, winner of the Derby, Preakness and Belmont and nineteen other important stakes; the world's greatest money-winner; twice Horse of the Year, a great handicap champion in distances up to two miles; etc., etc., etc."—Even with this potential future earning power of **Whirlaway** it isn't likely that many of his sons and daughters will reach the auction rings in the first few years. Owner **Wright** never did urge his trainer to pick the easiest spots for **Whirlaway**. What money he won was won the hard way, almost invariably. It wasn't money that **Wright** wanted; it was just a real fine Thoroughbred. And he had it and still has in **Whirlaway**.

2nd: \$3,000; 3rd: \$1,500; 4th: \$750. Winner: Dk. gr. f. by imp. **Jacopo—Madam Carpet**, by imp. **Gino**. Trainer: O. T. Dubassoff. Time: 1.04 3-5. (new track record).

1. **Cocopet**, (Lazy F. Ranch), 113, C. McCreary.
2. **Mrs. Ames**, (Longchamps Farms), 119, T. Atkinson.

3. **Rodney Stone**, (H. La Montagne), 110, J. Westrope.

Eleven started; also ran (order of finish): **B. F. Lister's Eternity**, 113, E. Gross; **H. P. Metcalf's Dog Day**, 119, J. Dattilo; **Mrs. D. B. Miller's Rockwall**, 111, T. Luther; **W. Hells' Tropea**, 110, L. Haskell; **C. T. Chenery's Cattachiptico**, 107, H. Trent; **A. T. Simmons' Smart Lookin'**, 116, B. Wimmer; **H. S. Jonas' Sanoj**, 104, C. Wahler; **A. T. Simmons' Chuck**, 110, E. Smith. Won ridden out by 2 1/2; place driving by 3/4; show same by 2 1/2. Scratched: **Lucky Draw**, **Evelyn Rolls**, **Elray**, **Comanche Peak**. **Benjamin Franklin Handicap**, Garden State Park, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds. Purse, \$5,000 added; net value to winner, \$5,051; 2nd: \$1,000; 3rd: \$550; 4th: \$250. Winner: Ch. f. by **Knave High—Royal Transport** by imp. **Floral King**. Trainer: K. D. Taylor. Time: 1.12 2-5.

1. **Royal Flush**, (V. Cicero, Sr.), 110, T. Coucel.
2. **Ringmenow**, (G. Ring), 118, S. Young.

3. **Woodford Lad**, (A. F. Plock), 114, J. Breen.

Eleven started; also ran (order of finish): **Mrs. C. deM. Harper's Rurales**, 109, J. Rienzi; **Mrs. S. S. Zell's Unchallenged**, 122, J. Cavens; **W-L Ranch's Bill Sickle**, 115, R. Sisto; **F. A. Plarulli's Black Grip** 110, L. Knapp; **E. J. Talbert's Makeshift**, 108, M. Fator; **M. B. Goff's Hill Sun**, 107, F. Maschek; **N. J. Angello's Gallant Witch**, 106, N. Wall; **Howe Stable's True North**, 115, A. Schmidt. Won easily by 2 1/2; place driving by 1; show same by a nose. Scratched: **Cream**, **Bayborough**, **Silver King**, **Lord Win**, **Queens Risk**, **Roman Glory**.

Arlington Futurity, Arlington Park, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds. Purse, \$20,000 added; net value to winner, \$48,650; 2nd: \$6,000; 3rd: \$3,000; 4th: \$1,500. Winner: Iron gr. g. by imp. **Pharamond II—Jezebel**, by **Friar Rock**. Trainer: B. Parke. Time: 1.16 1-5.

1. **Jezebel**, (John Marsch), 116, O. Grohs.
2. **Occupy**, (John Marsch), 116, L. Whitting.
3. **Alorter**, (A. C. Ernst), 122, N. Jemas.

Twelve started; also ran (order of finish): **Mrs. H. Miller's Ogham**, 119, W. Balzaret; **A. Hirschberg's Black Badge**, 116, P. Kelper; **Mrs. A. Sabath's Civil Liberty**, 116, W. Eads; **John Marsch's Broadcloth**, 116, C. Bierman; **H. P. Headley's Megogo**, 113, A. LoTurco; **W. E. Boeing's Freezout**, 116, V. Bush; **C. V. Whitney's Pukka Gin**, 116, F. Zufelt; **J. W. Brown's Ravenala**, 116, M. Peters; pulled up: **A. C. Ernst's Albuldo**, 116, J. Marinelli. Won driving by 1/2; place driving by 2 1/2; show same by a head. Scratched: **General War**, **Sun Theen**, **Senator T**.

Steeplechasing

Continued from Page One

paper, one of the biggest jobs any horse does is to go on out and win over big jumps—therefore we like to record this phase of his doings which are nearly allied to racing, but which (on the flat) has especially fitted publications to handle things to do with that phase of "one horse running faster than another". So, hats may well be off to all of those who have done so much for the sport this year—and also have seen their efforts rewarded with a bang up year which is not over yet.

When you can look at our list here on the board and count 145 names of horses that are going over brush or hurdles this year—it is healthy. Our records show that some 40 of these are either new or have come back again after a layoff. Of this list 61 are 5-year-olds or under—another good sign, as long as their owners or trainers don't get too enthusiastic. When our chasing ownership is made up of the right types to take the gaff over a distance of ground, and campaign sturdily, because they are built to take it—America will really be a 'chasing country—its getting there fast, at the rate of this year anyway. Our humble efforts will certainly be all out for the sport. D. L. H.

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Horse Sense in Horse Breeding

By W. A. Laing

During the bad days of the depression ten years ago I was sitting in an office in New York talking to a number of men about the future of the horse, and the questions asked by Esther Taylor in your last issue came into the discussion—that is "if it was wise for the farmer to accept gift brood mares."

Most of the company were men who "have money" and one man made the remark "that a farmer was the only man who could go broke and still make a living," which seemed sufficient excuse for them to pass on their feed bills to the poor farmer. So you see the question is not new, and only crops up when the squeeze gets tight in financial circles. To answer your correspondent's question:—If the mare being given to the farmer is a good big sensible half-bred, yes, the farmer can use her and she will pay her way, and bred to a Thoroughbred sire should produce some valuable youngsters.

If the mare is one of these light, weedy Thoroughbreds, definitely NO, you will notice that I qualify Thoroughbreds, because a good Thoroughbred mare is not given away and the farmer only gets what the other fellow does not want.

The question of knowing what kind of horses to breed—half-bred or Thoroughbred—is a much larger and more important one than accepting a few gift mares to breed and see what happens.

The good Thoroughbred is the best horse in the world for sport and pleasure. He has intelligence, ability, stamina and courage.

To raise good Thoroughbred horses requires time, money, knowledge, experience and study. We have men who do it, and do it well, and even these have to be satisfied with a lot less than 100% perfection. The poor Thoroughbred is about the most useless horse in existence, and this is largely the kind raised under "farmer" conditions.

Take a day off and go to a race meeting. With the exception of a few good looking horses in the stake races many of the rest are weeds, blinkered and bandaged and blistered and fired and tied up with adhesive tape and unfortunately most of them are mentally as well as physically deficient. They are a sad sight, but I suppose they are all right to bet on.

Owing to the public demand for the Thoroughbred, we find these weeds in private stables and riding clubs around the cities, and it is not

an uncommon sight to see a heavy novice rider who probably rides once a week trying to sit on a little weedy horse who is snorting at his bridle and sidling from one side of the road to the other. Rider and horse come home exhausted, and then the rider stays away for a week or longer till he gets his courage up to have another try, but he would never want his friends to forget that he owned and rode a Thoroughbred. No other qualification was necessary.

The good half-bred is a good horse, and capable of taking care of all the requirements of 90% of our riders either hunting or hacking.

The poor half-bred is useful for many purposes and generally can fetch enough money to average up payment for his upbringing. This is the chief reason that I have always advised farmers to stick to breeding half-breds. The Remount has done a really fine work in helping the farmer to raise useful general purpose horses and I wish something could be done by it or the Agricultural Department to encourage the farmer to keep his good half-bred mares for breeding purposes.

The other angle to this question is that the ordinary rider is not a good enough horseman to understand and ride a Thoroughbred horse. There is a popular fallacy that Thoroughbreds are hot, they are not. In many cases they have more sense than the people who try to rear them.

They resent rough ignorant treatment and are quick in more ways than one to show it. I am sometimes accused of not liking Thoroughbred horses and one day a lady said to me, "I am told by some people that you dislike Thoroughbred horses." I said, "They did not tell you quite right. What they should have told you was that I don't like the people who try to ride Thoroughbred horses" which is slightly different.

Thoroughbreds should be high class horses. Leave the breeding of these to those men who understand them and can afford to do it.

In recent years all over the country, many families who are interested in riding have kept a hunter and some Thoroughbred mares and raised colts. I hope their numbers will grow into the thousands, as many of them will raise nice horses and what is even more important, it will bring children up with a knowledge and love of young horses that they will never lose, which will bring them much happiness all their lives, that no other activity will ever supply.

Thoroughbreds

Continued from Page One

started his run. Being comparatively fresh and, apparently, liking the going, he began cutting down horse after horse, got to *Occupy* as they were nearing the wire and despite the desperate efforts of Whiting on the latter, beat him half a length.

While, as the pair, together with Broadcloth, ran as a single entry, tickets bought by the admirers of *Occupy* were winning ones, had *Jezebel* happened to be from an outside stable the result would have resembled an earthquake in the betting-ring.

While it had been the great ambition of Mr. Marsch (a wealthy Chicago industrialist, who breeds and races a few horses principally because he loves the sport) to win with

Occupy, in that way establishing the unique record of winning two successive Futurities with a pair of own brothers, something never known thus far, he certainly could not complain at the result.

In addition to the \$48,650 earned by *Jezebel* as first money, *Occupy* received \$6,000 as 2nd, while a superb gold cup was presented by the Washington Park Club to both the owner and the breeder of the winner—both, of course going to ornament the Marsch trophy-room.

The Chicagoan, in fact, will have to enlarge that receiving-parlor, if things continue coming in his direction. Already he had 4 cups of this description reposing there, won by *Occupation* in 1942 when he took both the Arlington and Washington Park Futurities, along with another which the same colt was awarded when he won the Belmont Park event. Now he has 7 in his collection—with the possibility of others in the near future.

This illustrates what may happen to an owner when *Dame Fortune* takes the notion to turn her smiles upon him. Two or three years ago John Marsch was practically unknown outside Chicago and the Midwest—and not very widely there. As aforesaid he had been breeding and racing in a small way for quite a number of years, winning modestly as he went, with occasionally a minor stake falling to his share. With all which he was well pleased, for he is one of the comparatively few owners left today who really race for racing's sake.

Last season his 2-year-old *Occupation* alone won \$192,355 and his stable as a whole \$205,702, while a select few horses which he races in the name of his wife won \$31,190 in addition.

The tremendous change in his luck will be understood when it is stated that in 1941 the complete winnings of the Marsch stable were but \$15,937.

Thus far this season *Occupation*, its blazing star of 1942, has been slow in coming to hand, as in his farewell race of 1942, the Pimlico Futurity, in which he was beaten by *Count Fleet*, after having beaten him in both their previous meetings, he sprung osselets and pulled up lame.

No attempt was made, therefore, to get him ready for this season's Kentucky Derby and other early classics. Instead he was kept out of competition until just a few weeks ago, when he returned to it at Chicago, where he has since won 3 overnight events in succession, in each showing improved form.

On Saturday of this week he will try to win the \$50,000 Classic Stakes, at Washington Park, for which he is now the favorite, as *Count Fleet* will not be able to compete for this great prize.

Last season, when *Occupation* won first the Arlington Futurity, worth \$51,500, and followed it up with the Washington Park Futurity, worth \$58,475, Mr. Marsch immediately invested the latter winning in U. S. War Bonds. A gesture which no other owner has emulated in any such munificent manner.

On closing it may be apropos to mention that *Jezebel*, a son of *Pharmond 2d* and *Jezebel*, by *Frar Rock*, is a gelding. So little was thought of him at one time in the early stages of his career that he was not considered worthy of remaining entire. To date he has run but 3 times, winning twice and once 2nd.

Oyster Harbours

Up at Oyster Harbours, Mass., breakfast rides are the order—starting from the club stables at about 8 a. m. Riders in some cases have their own horses, others are using mounts from the Club stables.

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5 yrs. old

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A Country Girl Goes Racing

By Margaret de Martelly

The Chicago Loop is one world, with its WAVES, WAACS, SPARS, nurses, sailors, soldiers and marines, its noisy streets, darkened by "L" structure, its mounted policemen and its jay walkers.

A few steps down under Michigan Avenue takes you into the Randolph Street Station of the Illinois Central railroad and another world—the races!

Although the track is many, many miles to the south, the fever hits you as soon as you reach the station. You step up to the ticket window and get a round trip ticket to Washington Park without uttering a word. Out under the train sheds, shoving masses of excited humanity are buying racing forms and tickets to the grand stand. The train shoves off and wipes out two hundred blocks in twenty-eight minutes. Not many cast a glance at the deep blue of Lake Michigan, because every one is marking a racing form.

There were eight races, the last of which was a turf race, but there was so much to see besides the mere running of each race.

First, there was the feverish activity in the secretary's office in the morning. All entries for the following day must be in by ten-thirty A. M. This is no small order, as each entry involves the listing of horses, owner, trainer, jockey, stable colors, description, breeding and number of equipment, apprentice allowance and which two races make up the daily double. There is, of course, never an error in the program which goes to press at seven-thirty the morning of the races.

Then there were those sixteen matched Belgian horses that dragged the track in four-horse hitched. They also pulled the fascinating Bahr starting gate around as though it were a toy wagon. By changing the location of the starting gate the distance was changed from six to eight or nine furlongs.

Outside in the paddock we saw several Gallant Fox colts and two

sons of Insko, the sire of Lawrin, the Derby winner of 1938. There was Leavenworth, a handsome bay 2-year-old that showed in the sixth race and was listed as a possible son of Lawrin which made us wonder if some stable hand had lost his job over a questionable incident out at Herb Woolf's farm in Kansas City.

Then there was Burnt Cork, owned by Eddie Anderson, better known as Rochester. This colt is entered in the Arlington Classic on July 17th. He is just a good sprinter but Rochester gets a thrill out of seeing his colors on the track, so what matter if he doesn't win!

In the same race with Burnt Cork, out of a twenty thousand pool, seventeen thousand was placed on Slide Rule to win. This colt came in third in the Derby. We don't mind admitting that we got our fingers burnt when he showed again in a field of five. Slide Rule is a Classic entry. Amber Light had also arrived for the Classic, he is owned by Charles T. Fisher of Detroit, owner of the Dixiana Racing Stables.

The turf race, except for the jumps, is a steeplechase, we were sorry there were no jumps. The turf track is beautiful, as it encircles several mirror-like ponds of odd and varied shapes, with hundreds of snowy ducks floating peacefully about. The bleachers, viewed from above, look like a huge flower garden, with rows of alternating blue, pink, green and yellow seats.

In the Post and Paddock Club we succumbed to an air of elegance and sipped our Coca-Colas at fifteen cents a throw. In the boxes there was a little activity on the side, in the form of a caucus for the Fifth Freedom, which, we understand, is the Individuality of the Individual. Not being caucus minded, we sat down and had a delightful visit with Warren Wright, who was feeling a little sad because of the recent retirement of his beloved Whirlaway. This greatest of our race horses was retired in his prime or perhaps before,

out of the affection and gratitude of his owner who feels that he has earned the right to a life of ease.

This combined meeting of Arlington and Washington Park is the greatest in Chicago's history. It closes Labor Day. There will be thirty-seven stakes and a million and a half dollars given in purses and stakes. Mr. Frank Butzow, publicity manager, says it is indeed a history making meeting. Mr. Butzow has quarters at the track and makes himself at home for the entire meeting.

There was much else to see and to hear, but as evening was drawing near, and we had ninety miles to go, we assembled our forces. On the way out we stopped to listen to Lincoln Plaut, caller of the racing form. He called the position of each horse as it gained or lost, every foot of the distance around the track. At his left stood Louis Meen, the caller who marked down on a chart each word that Lincoln Plaut said. Louis has been on his job for twenty years and has seen only two races because he can't take his eyes off his chart.

We said goodbye to Arthur O'Connell, the genial host who has been with the Post and Paddock Club since its inception in 1929. In the palatial lounge we had a parting visit with our delightful friend Magda West of the Chicago Herald American. Miss West also syndicates a society column from Washington Park to all of the Chicago papers. At this time she had collapsed into a chair and was searching through her hand bag for her return ticket. It was easy to understand the duration of her search as her bag, like all of ours, contained more equipment than our grandmothers carried in their trunks as they crossed the prairies in covered wagons to settle for life. All of which makes us admit that most of the things our husbands say about us are true.

Mexican Sportsmen

Continued from Page Three

the present embargo on shipments of this kind, very little can be sent down. Further, prime seed is hard to get.

Mexican horsemen, too, are making a determined effort to secure United States hay, timothy, Johnson grass, alfalfa, cane and sudan, in large quantities, but the same embargo precludes the railroad companies operating to the border from transporting any hay to Mexico. There is no bar on the United States side, but Washington officials are firm in not permitting railroads to haul hay to the border and allow it to accumulate there and clog freight channels. "Right now, I could use and ship one thousand tons of top hay, but there's no use getting options and buying any until such time as the embargo might be lifted explained Burmester. One of the major problems during the recent meeting at the Hippodrome de las Americas was the lack of good feed-stuffs.



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Previous Winners Of Arlington Classic

The Arlington Park race meeting at Washington Park moves toward its climax this week, with the 15th running of the historic Arlington Classic for 3-year-olds scheduled for Saturday, July 24. It is the fifth week of the 67-day Arlington-Washington meeting.

William Woodward has the honor of having owned three Classic winners, Gallant Fox and his two sons, Omaha and Granville. His Gallant Fox was the shortest priced winner, \$2.64 and Nedayr paid the largest mutuel in the stake, \$31.20. The fastest times in the stake were made by Omaha and Shut Out, 2:01 2/5.

Following is a tabulation of the previous finishes of the Classic:

YEAR	NAME	JOCKEY	SECOND	THIRD	TIME
1929	Blue Larkspur	Garner	Live Oak	Clyde Van Dusen	2:14 2/5
1930	Gallant Fox	Sande	Gallant Knight	Ned-O	2:03 4/5
1931	Mate	Robertson	Spanish Play	Twenty Grand	2:02 3/5
1932	Gusto	Couci	Stepenfetchit	Evergold	2:03 3/5
1933	Inlander	Jones	Golden Way	War Glory	2:12
1934	Cavalcade	Garner	Discovery	Hadagal	2:02 4/5
1935	Omaha	Wright	St. Bernard	Bloodroot	2:01 2/5
1936	Granville	Stout	Mr. Bones	Hollyrood	2:03 1/5
1937	Flying Scot	Gilbert	Eagle Pass	Burning Star	2:05 4/5
1938	Nedayr	Wright	Bull Lea	Cravat	2:06 1/5
1939	Challedon	Richards	Sun Lover	Johnstown	2:02
1940	Sirocco	Woolf	Gallahadion	Bimlech	2:03
1941	Attention	Bierman	Whirlaway	Bushwacker	2:02 4/5
1942	Shut Out	Arcaro	Valdina Orphan	With Regards	2:01 2/5

In its 14 previous runnings the Classic has never failed to attract the finest 3-year-olds in training. Impressive as the list of winners is, it is remarkable that in only five of the fourteen races was the favorite victorious. Many famous horses have gone down to defeat in the Classic, perhaps the most conspicuous case being Whirlaway's defeat two years ago by Attention. Discovery was another that was second in the Classic, losing to Cavalcade and other big stakes in 1934. Twenty Grand was third to Mate in 1931 and Johnstown was third to Challedon in 1939.

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PARSON MILNE



The Reverend Edgar Aastley Milne is here shown judging the winning doghound puppy, VAGABOND at the South Dorset Hunt Puppy Show. With him is G. Travess, the huntsman. They are in the Stinsford House garden. We will have a short story from Mr. Higginson next week.

SPORT MARVEL



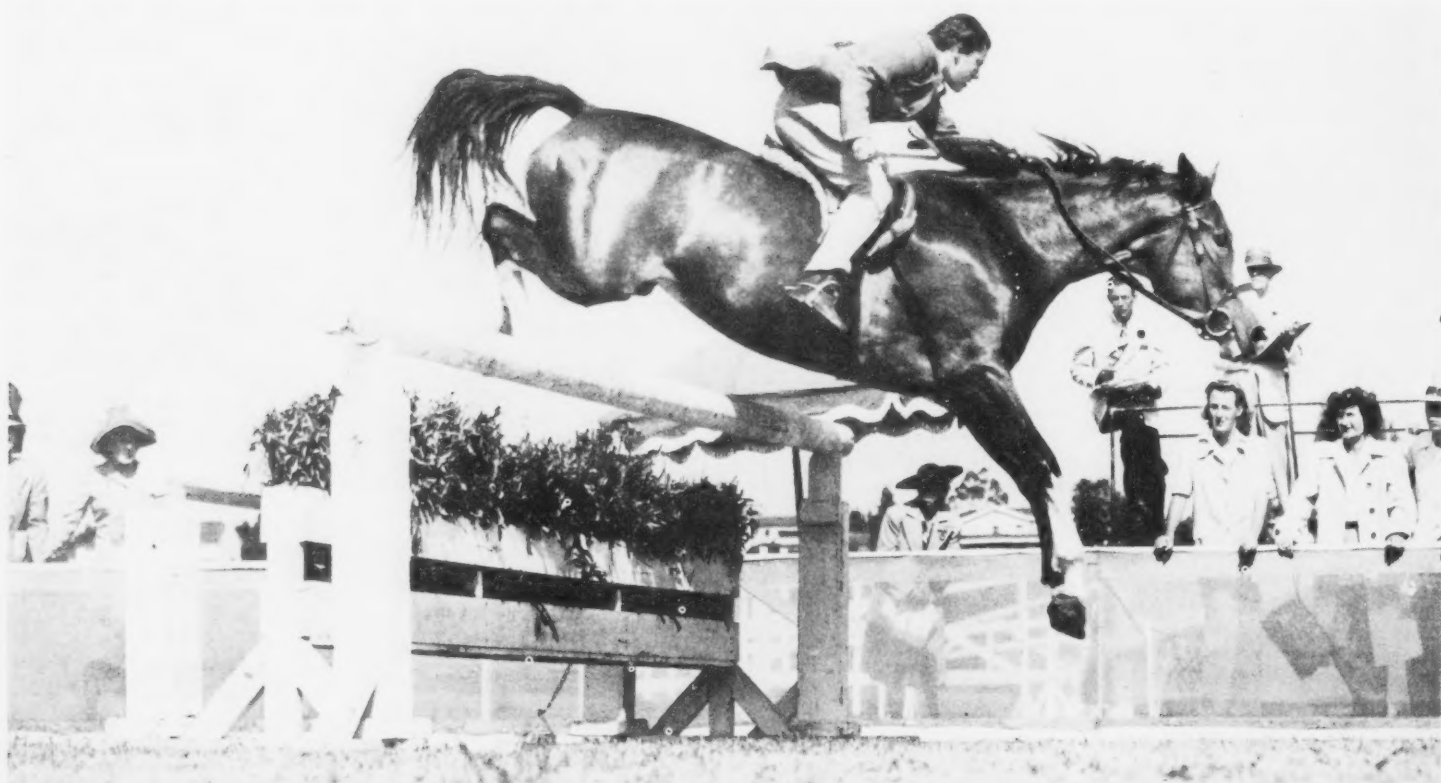
Now living in Cincinnati, the good open jumper SPORT MARVEL is shown being ridden by Mary Lou Reynolds in the Junior Jumping, which they won. SPORT MARVEL was always a nice sort of horse and now that he is no longer called on to do freak high jumps, he will naturally settle down to be an excellent mount.

JOINT MASTER OF THE FAIRFIELD AND WESTCHESTER
(Pic. by Freudy)



Mrs. Howard P. Serrell mounted on her BIG TRAIN, ROYAL FORD-POLLY KEYES. This good gray carried her all last hunting season and is shown here at the Hunter Trials of 1942 where they won the Ladies Hunters, second in the Ride and Drive and were reserve champions. From September to March of the past season these two gave an account of themselves. Mrs. Serrell managed the hunt affairs and the kennels, with the aid of Jack Gover the huntsman and "Diddy" Bolling, who whipped. Hats off to this young group.

A YOUNG CALIFORNIAN -
(Pic. by F. J. Cosner)



Miss Frances Zucco's IDLE CHATTER, owner up, was fourth in Children's Jumpers at the Riviera Country Club Sixth Annual Horse Show held on July 3rd and 4th. Note the size of the fences these kids ride over and no wings.

Notes From Great Britain

By J. Fairfax-Blakeborough

Trainers Who Grow Their Own Hay And Oats Are Fortunate

Fortunate are those trainers who grow their own hay and oats. I heard of someone the other day who paid the unprecedented price of £16 a ton for hay and, at any price, real "racehorse hay" has been bad to find. There was a horse came into the paddock at Pontefract last week bang on its toes, above itself and full of buck and kick. "That's how I like to see horses", said an old trainer—"ready to jump out of their skins on a racing day. I wish my horses were as full of beans, but I can't get the good old Scotch oats now. Anyway, I'll have a trifle on that horse whatever it is". The animal won all right!

In recent years a trainer, owner and bloodstock breeder settled in Yorkshire (he isn't a Yorkshireman and hadn't had much, if any, experience with horses before he suddenly descended upon the Turf). His horses in training looked all right and won some races at long prices, but their owner (who is now out of the Turf game) had some peculiar ideas regarding his young bloodstock. Most of us hold the view that "half the goodness of a horse goes in at his mouth", and therefore that it is essential that potential racehorses should be well done from their earliest days. The breeder in question, who had a large number of young Thoroughbreds at his place, believed in what he called "following nature". He left his young 'uns out in all weathers to live on their "natural food"—grass! The result was they never grew and never did any good.

Mr. John McGuigan

In this connection the veteran Ayr trainer, tells the following amusing story:

Years ago a well-known Lancashire gypsy-hawker called Joe Valey, used to travel through Scotland during the summer with a living van, selling brushes, doormats and other wares. He always had a trotter or flapper with him, and on one occasion I was at Hawick when he arrived for the old-established races there. This was a recognised meeting until 1876 when by the way, Mr. Wyllie of Ayr, won a race. In 1871 the great amateur rider Mr. Maunsell Richardson rode a couple of winners at Hawick, but after 1876 it was relegated to the realms of flapping.

Well, Joe Valey had an old Thoroughbred in poor condition, fastened behind his van. He told me he had entered it to run at the races and I suggested that he could not have much hope of winning as it looked as though it had had nothing to eat for weeks except what it had cropped by the side of the road. There was also a greyhound behind the van, and this Joe used to run on rabbit grounds before the mechanical hare was introduced. He had advertised a challenge in the Glasgow papers to run any dog in Scotland for £20, and found no takers. This dog he fed on the best steak he could buy but one day when he slip-

ped it at a hare near Dumfries the dog was outpaced. Joe argued that the hare is a vegetarian and is faster than a greyhound, and the elephant is a vegetarian and is the strongest of all animals, so a horse should be able to win races on grass. His didn't!

Bloodstock A Lottery

It often happens that when a man enters on the Turf sea with a splash and lays out a tremendous amount of capital for bloodstock, there is for a season or two (sometimes longer!) more disappointment than encouragement. Sir Eric Ohlson and his young brother Tom, (interested in shipping and timber), have during the past couple of years paid very big prices for fashionably bred horses. They have done so, more with a view to founding a stud than winning races. Naturally, however, they hoped that the youngsters would set a seal on their reputation by their performances on the racecourse—the acid test! At one time some of the classics were thought likely to come their way, but their most expensive purchases proved disappointing and were scratched.

It was good therefore, at the recent meeting at Stockton to see Feberion (receiving 3lbs), fairly easily beat Lady Electra in the Northern Counties Hep of £500 (1 1-2 m.). Feberion is well-named, she being a very well bred chestnut filly by Hyperion out of Februa, bought as a potential matron for the stud Sir Eric and his brother intend to establish so soon as they can find a suitable place in Yorkshire. Sir Eric believes there is money in bloodstock but his love for the blood horse and desire to have a breeding establishment as a hobby have brought him into the limelight. Already he has discovered that bloodstock is a lottery and that the Turf is well-named "The great uncertainty."

National Hunt Prospects

Recently a number of queries have reached me as to whether there will be any National Hunt sport during the coming winter. I have asked one or two of the National Hunt Stewards and all they can say is "You know as much as we do." Not only the progress of the war, but also travel facilities will be the deciding factor. "One steward answered my query by putting another: "Supposing it were possible to hold a few jumping fixtures would there be sufficient horses to warrant this?" So far as hurdlers go the answer is "yes!" I have won hurdle races with animals which less than a month before were running on the flat, never having jumped a hurdle up to then.

'CHASING MEN READ

There would be quite plenty of flat racers in training to divert to hurdling at the end of the season. But it is 'chasing that is the real National Hunt sport, it is the 'chaser that it is desired to encourage. Indeed, at the outset hurdling was looked upon with anything but favour by the old hands on the National Hunt Committee. All the veteran jumpers—those hardy annuals that year by year went the round of their local meetings—have gone. So too, have a great many of the older flat racers that normally would have been trained for jumping. It is said that Ireland is full of potential steeplechasers but, even so, it would be unlikely anyone will buy them until the National Hunt programme is fully restored. It is probable that

for a season or two steeplechases will be sparsely filled for we will have to start from scratch.

Famous Scotch Trainers in U. S. A.

During my time I have travelled abroad a good deal seeing racing conditions, training systems, studs, and those prominent in connection with Turf matters in many countries writes John McGuigan, the famous Ayr trainer:—"One of my first trips abroad was to America in 1888. There I had charge of some horses for a Mr. Bellman of Madison, New Jersey State. He had a coal pit in New England whither he went on a Monday morning returning on the Friday evening to his home, where on the Saturday, he would have pigeon-shooting matches. He had two young Irish gardeners,

whose brogue was very strong, but though you can usually tell from what part of "the old country" a man comes by his speech, I could not locate them and asked their native part. To my surprise they told me that had never even been in Ireland, but that their father and mother were both Irish. These youths main occupation was sinking wells wherever new houses were being built. They seemed to do well at the business.

Continued on Page Eighteen



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The Chronicle

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OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE MASTERS OF FOXHOUNDS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
THE CHRONICLE welcomes, not only the latest news, but personal views of readers, on all subjects of general interest pertaining to the Thoroughbred, the Steeplechase, the Horse Show and the Hunting Field. The views expressed by correspondents are not necessarily those of THE CHRONICLE.

Communications should be accompanied by the writer's name and address, along with any pen name desired. THE CHRONICLE requests correspondents to write on one side of a sheet of paper, and when addressing THE CHRONICLE, not to direct the letter in the name of an Editor, as this may cause delay. All Editorial communications should be mailed to Berryville, Virginia.

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Editorials

PENSIONERS AND HUNTING NEWS

We are using this letter as our editorial this week, as it is something that we have wanted to write about—this open letter shows that we were not alone. If the trainer in question will write us, we will try and develop a practical way of handling this crying need. The formation of a committee is the first step. There should be many readers of The Chronicle who would be willing to help in this badly needed effort. Anyone who does not want to have his or her name mentioned by publishing the letter can say so. THIS THING SHOULD BE PROPERLY PUT THROUGH.

As to the hunting, it seemed as if the news we had came from just a few packs. It was splendid to have such good long accounts, but it would have been much better if we had had news from ALL active packs. We sincerely hope that those that failed last year will try and rectify it this. We were careful to publish all accounts without cutting at all (though this may have had to happen once or twice). PLEASE SEND IN REPORTS THIS YEAR. CUBBING STARTS SOON.—Editor.

Thursday night at the Radnor Hunt, I was talking with a well-known horseman, a successful trainer of steeplechasers. He started reminiscing about various famous horses he had known, and of their sad and ignoble endings.

All had won many thousands of dollars for their owner—just to mention a few, in the end, one was sent to hounds, although the said trainer had asked to be allowed to keep the old horse himself and retire him; one was disposed of in claiming races but eventually was rescued by an admirer; one, old and unsound, was put through a sale and is now in a riding academy. Another, former winner over jumps and at the Devon Show, was given to an inexperienced defense worker living in the middle of Coatesville, just recently—ran away and the man got hurt, so we don't know what will happen to this one.

I was so depressed by all this, and following your two recent articles about old horses, that I thought it would be in line to write. Can't something be done for these old horses? If their owners, usually very wealthy ones at that, haven't enough sentiment and gratitude for the game and trophies their horses win, there should be some other way to guarantee either a good home or quick destruction. There must be many others like the New York subscriber who came to the rescue of Ariel Cross. I think it was grand, and felt so much better after reading about it!

Could there be some kind of club or organization to subscribe a fund to buy these horses when they turn up at sales, pay for their shipping to a good home, or for destroying them? Won't you see what you can do, The Chronicle surely will succeed?

Another totally unrelated idea—I was talking with a service man lately and he remarked about the lack of hunting news in The Chronicle last year.

He said everyone in the service from hunting countries looks forward to those little items about their own hunt—it is the only substitute they have, and a disappointment when it isn't there.

Sincerely,

Miriam R. LeVin,
Newtown Square, Pa.

Letters to the Editor

Esther Taylor's Letter

July 12, 1943.

To the Editor:

Esther Taylor's letter interests me, and I think you are paging in Mr. Laing, a man who can very ably reply to it.

My recommendation to those farmers who farm for a living is, don't accept gift mares. A GOOD broodmare is never given away—in fact she is more valuable today than ever before. If a farmer is going to make any money raising colts he should start with the best obtainable—a mare that is sound and of good conformation and disposition, preferably a mare that has already raised a foal. He should inspect this foal and see if it is the kind he wants to raise. He should aim for the hunter market, and not have any illusions about getting a race horse: consequently he need not pay too much attention to pedigree.

Any man who stands a stallion will tell you of the number of windy, crazy, crooked-legged, no-account mares sent to be bred. Today there is a fair market for these brutes as bleeders and killers. Let breeders stop trying the impossible and get rid of the misfits through these channels, then start over with mares that have the qualifications.

There is a real shortage of good hunter colts, and the farmer who can get the right kind of a mare and raise one stands a better chance than ever of making some money. He can't do it, however, with any plug mare that is wished on him.

Very sincerely,

Sydney Glass,
West Chester, Pa.

Maryland Hunter Show

West Friendship, Md.

July 19, 1943

To The Editor:

I am delighted to report that plans are progressing very nicely regarding the Maryland Hunter Show and in the near future will advise you when and where the Show will be held.

Looking forward to seeing you soon and thanking you for your cooperation.

Sincerely,

Waugh Glascock.

Miss Springtime

Dear Sirs:

I read in your paper the results of the Hickory Hill Horse Show in Roxborough, Pa. A mare by the name of Miss Springtime ridden by Deldre Hanna took second in one of the classes.

Would it be possible for you to send me the address of Mrs. Hanna? You see I owned this mare at one time and I would like to write to Mrs. Hanna and congratulate her on the success she is now having with her.

Your paper is great and I really enjoy reading it. Here's wishing you lots of luck and success.

Sincerely yours,

R. M. Tindle

From Gordon Grand

July 13, 1943.

Dear Editor:

I am sure that many of your fightmen and women readers would be interested in the words which follow written by the sporting author, Gordon Grand on July 4, 1943 and I feel without even asking his permission that he will not complain.

"Dear Harry:

"I have enjoyed your articles on the Tayloes.

"Edgehill put me in mind of Edgehill, England, the site of the Battle of Edgehill, 300 years ago.

"King Charles had put a rugged old Norfolk man, Sir Jacob Astley, in charge of the foot soldiers.

"As dawn broke, Sir Jacob walked out in front of the waiting troops to offer a prayer which he did in this wise.

"Oh Lord, thou knowest how busy I shall be this day. If I forget thee do not thou forget me. Oct. 23, 1642.

"I hope this finds you in the pink.

"As ever,

"G. G."

Ever truly,

Harry Worcester Smith.

No. 3 Arrives

To The Editor:

Today my 3rd Chronicle arrived. I had to write and tell you how much it means to me. Now being in the Air Corps, I don't get much news about racing, hunting, shows, etc.

You see all my interest was centered in that world. I worked for the Rose Tree Hunt Club before coming into the army and so Lt. Kerr's story was of great interest to me. I surely will miss the occasional hunts with Rose Tree, this and the other seasons till the war is over.

Congratulating you upon your fine paper which is looked forward to by me so much.

Sincerely,

A/S John T. Ronayne,
Coll. Tr. Detcht. Section J.,
Kent State Univ.,
Kent, Ohio.

First Chronicle

To The Editor.

I have just received my first Chronicle and I want you to know how well I am pleased with it. It is really even more enjoyable that I expected and I expected a great deal.

As far as horses and riding go I am still very much an amateur, but your paper is just as interesting to me as to a person who has always known horses. Please allow me to again congratulate you on publishing such an enjoyable paper. Sincerely Jean Scott, Rochester, N. Y.

For Reference

To The Editor,

Enclosed is check for renewal of my subscription, also the name of a suggested subscriber.

Just want to tell you that The
Continued on Page Seventeen

A Day In Leicestershire

Continued from Page One

shall never forget the meticulous care which had to be given to the toilet of both men and horse so as to qualify to those charmed circles, where the whole Field, garbed in its very best rode in stately procession round and round, for the pleasure, it was conceived to provide for the villagers and others gathered in throngs. Then as likely as not everyone of those beautiful costumes would be splashed with mud from head to foot and stay so all day.

It was usual to be provided each day with a second horse, ridden by a groom, whose job was to ride the roads, following the hunt as best he could, and then to appear at the critical moment so as to take your tired horse and give you the fresh one. I did not have enough horses to furnish me a second one every day. About one day a week I had to content myself with one horse, who was called on to do, not the work of two horses, because on those days I always came in early, but nonetheless he had to do more than was customarily asked of one. Fortunately I had in my string a very heavy type of Thoroughbred, as sound as he could be, who seemed never to tire and never to get too much work. Peter Light was his name, by Peter Quince out of a Light Brigade mare, very temperate, very bold at his fences, and very fast, so he was my selection for the one-horse days. He was favored with a horse-box or van to take him to the meets and fetch him home, and he never missed his turn or failed to eat his supper after the day was over. They have a great many falls out hunting in Leicestershire, and I expected to have my full share, but did not have one from October first when I began with the cubbing until about the middle of December. Members of the Field were sufficiently interested to inquire from time to time if I had "taken a toss" yet, or been "on the carpet". I always tried to parry the questions, being superstitious about falls.

At last there came a day in December, a one-horse day for me with Peter Light in the fore-ground. The meet was a glorious affair as usual with a great throng of onlookers and a very large Field for the Fernie, with which hunt I had affiliated myself for the season. The preliminary parade was shortened in duration by a report that a fox had just been seen in a cover quite close by, and the report was soon verified by the fox himself leaving cover in plain view of everybody, and scampering at a great pace across a beautiful pasture. Hounds were promptly given the word, and broke furiously, like so many greyhounds coursing, and almost as mute. They lacked the foot of the greyhounds however, and the fox managed to dodge through the first hedge, fifty yards ahead of them. Almost like magic every last hound squeezed through the hedge at one point or another and was gone. The hedge being much overgrown, now hid the whole business from view of the much excited Field, but hound music arose forthwith and the full cry of the pack told that the fox was still ahead and going strong. It had been a vivid scene while it lasted, the crossing of that pasture. The hedge being too high to jump, there was nothing to be done but to open a gate. They rarely jumped gates, especially in such a jam as the Field immediately got into. The gate would have been smashed to bits.

It is not easy to describe the turmoil of that crowd of perhaps a hundred riders trying to get through at once. I had often seen the like happen before, and had no mind to get into the mess. Such pushing and crowding! English politeness and reserve all cast aside, shouts and curses rising like steam from a boiling kettle, and added to this, the cheers and halloes of all the gallery of onlookers, rushing this way and that, to see the better what was happening. Then as always, somebody's horse started kicking. Under the circumstances it was "after you" for Peter and me. We waited. It meant a gruelling gallop to catch up but I never could face that jam in the gates. Of course it only took a minute or so for the melee to be over and we were fairly under weigh, with hounds far ahead, and galloping horses spread over the landscape somewhat after the manner of an enormous flock of quail just flushed. Peter never pulled, which was responsible for his great staying ability as much as anything. He always seemed to gallop and jump with less effort than any horse I ever rode. He just rolled along as the wind blows leaves, and it was not long before we had a lot of the crowd behind us. It always seemed that if hounds ran fairly straight for twenty minutes, Peter, would have me near the top. Only about half that time had elapsed that day, however, before we took a short cut through a bit of a spinney; I could see hounds straight through there and it was obviously the thing to do. Well, Peter stepped in a blind ditch for the first time in his life, and turned head over heels. I turned over more times than he did, and he ran off. Some good Samaritan caught him, however, and we were soon together again, but had all the distance to catch up a second time.

I followed the man who had caught my horse, knowing the latter to be a good one, until we came to what is called a "bull-finch". This is an overgrown hedge, very high and very thin; so thin in places, that a horse which is not afraid can break through. It is a beastly thing to do, because sometimes it scratches a horse badly and sometimes knocks the rider off. I had seen such barriers before, in fact had negotiated them, but with another horse. Peter had never seen one. The chap I was following, pulled up, and rode along the bull-finch, looking for a likely place to break through. He shortly found what suited him, drew back a bit and went at it. He made it all right and that was always my standard. Where man has been man can go, and the same applies to horse. We went at it at a proper pace, with Peter well in hand, and Peter went through but I got knocked off as if by a sledge-hammer. I came off over his rump, and with his plain snaffle bit, he took the reins from me with such a jerk that my wrist was badly wrenched. Again someone stopped the horse, not the same man as before, but I was mortified to be such a nuisance. If my wrist was crippled my legs were not, so I ran fast and met them coming back in a hurry. I had great trouble to mount on account of my wrist but once more in the saddle, everything seemed fine. It has often seemed that way to me, a kind of panacea, that getting back in the saddle. No matter what happens, if you possibly can do so, climb back in the saddle and go on. It goes for daily life as well as fox-hunting though I have not always practiced what I preach.

It may be unbecoming of me to say it, but about fifteen minutes later, Peter and I were there when hounds marked to ground, there among the ferns, with the huntsman and Charley Edmonston, who at that time was point-master. The horse deserves all the encomium. I rode with my left

hand, hardly touching the reins with my crippled right hand and Peter never pulled an ounce, but just gave me all he had when I asked for it. By this time the wrist was much easier, but to my disgust I soon observed that Peter had lost a front shoe. Here was I stranded with no second horse, and the day only half over. Numbers of second horses were coming along and people were changing. A very attractive lady to whom I confided my trouble, directed me to a nearby blacksmith however, so when the hunt shortly moved off to another cover, I rode sedately down a lane, and came up with a smith in half a mile or so. He was hard at work with hammer and tongs and sparks flying in typical fashion. In those days in England the hunt took precedence with everybody, so without hesitation the man stopped what he was doing and went to work for me. My ill luck was over for the day. The job was not quite finished when to my amazement I heard hounds in the distance hard at it with a fresh fox. The smith turned on all steam to get me ready quickly, and when I was through, and I explained that I had to have help to mount, forthwith grabbed me in his arms and sat me in the saddle as if I was a baby. What a smith he was! I wished that I could take him back to America with me.

I rode out of the smithy in a hurry with the cry of hounds coming nearer all the time. It was like an old-fashioned horse-drawn fire engine going to a fire. The road on which the smithy was located, lead into another road running at right-angles to it, and hounds were on the far side of this other road, coming along parallel to it and in my direction. Very soon I caught sight of them and the Field all strung out as usual for half a mile. As ever, there were three or four first flighters out in front, and the huntsman a bit to one side and close to his hounds, just where he ought to be and usually was. Hounds were packed well together and hunting with great assurance. It was as good a view of a hunt as ever a man could have. Peter and I watched them coming with hearts too full for utterance. Here we were offered a place at the top without the trouble of working up from the rear. When they reached a point about a hundred yards away and directly in front of us, we jumped out of the road and cut right in with the few choice spirits who were showing the way.

I have said before that it is hard for me to describe a good hunt from the viewpoint of one who is riding it successfully. I find this still true and all I can say is that it was one of the very best rides I ever had. This hunt proceeded for about five miles, in how long a time I do not remember. My memory is also vague as to the details and incidents. There was nothing to it but gallop and jump, steeplechase fashion, and no bad luck for me or anyone else whom I could see. Of course I could not see behind me and did not know or care what happened back there, but no loose horse ever bothered me. Every jump seemed to call for the extreme limit of a horse's ability. The land was not hilly, was all grass with home ridge and furrow, and the biggest lot of hedges I ever faced, each with its ditch on the near or the far side. You cannot see through or over these hedges, so you do not know what is on the other side. An old cow might be lying there asleep, or there might be a duck-pond or anything else, which makes the jumping more hazardous than timber fences which you can see through. For this reason also, the man who knows the country can make a better guess at the best places to jump than a stranger, so I was never reluctant to let someone go first if he was going the pace to suit me, and there was no lack of pace in this hunt.

So on we went as straight as a string for four or five miles, with hounds out in front, until there loomed up ahead of us a cover which I recognized, having been there before, a dense thicket of shrubbery covering several acres. It was a famous cover, called "John Ball". Hounds drove away right into it, and in there, they lost their fox. A minute more and the whole Field or what was left of it, was with us, with red faces, muddy clothes and sweating, blowing horses. They like to kill, over there, and murmurs of disappointment arose, along with the steam from the horses. The huntsman tried, hard to get the hunted fox out again, but without success.

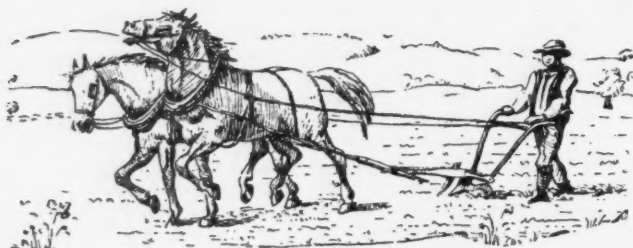
While hounds were seeking and everyone was waiting at the covert-side, for the next chapter to begin, a good friend of mine asked me very gently if I had been riding the same horse all day, and I had to admit that I had. "He is a super-horse," I said with a smile. My friend shook his head gravely, and asked if I was not afraid I would break him down. I was quite ashamed of myself, and the day ended right there for me, but not for the rest of them. While we were talking, a fresh fox broke cover and went away. Then followed the usual whoops and horn-tootings to get hounds on the line, and soon another red-hot hunt was on. I could not ask Peter to do any more. Anyway it was drizzling rain, and my wrist felt none too good, so after watching them go for a minute or two, we set out for the nearest post-office from which I could telephone for the horse-box and my car which were waiting at an appointed place. It did not take so long to get to the telephone, but it seemed a long time walking up and down in the rain till they came.

After we had been engaged in this walking up and down for awhile, I heard another horse's foot-steps on the road, and looking around saw another fox-hunter coming along. I recognized him as one of the Fernie Field, but one whom I did not know. He had never taken any notice of me or I of him, though I knew he went pretty well. As he approached he looked me over, and drew up his horse. Without nodding or smiling or any preface to what he had to say, he leaned over toward me, standing on the ground, and said in the most unemotional manner, "Why don't you come over here and live?"

I was so surprised that I could not think just at the moment why I did not do that very thing. Then it came to me that there were a great many reasons why. I told him some of them, and said in all truth I would like to live there very much. So we stood and talked for a bit, and then the vehicles came rolling ponderously up the road. All I had to do then was to slip on my coat, drop into a comfortable seat in the car, and be trundled back to where tea and a snug seat by the fire awaited me. What fox-hunter would not like to live there?

To give another illustration of the simple directness of English manners, on another occasion early in the season, a gentleman rode up to me and said without any preliminaries, "Do you go out to dinner or not?" I was somewhat aghast to be asked for a general rule of conduct respecting such a matter, but formulated the diplomatic reply that sometimes I went if I was invited. Thereupon he invited my wife and me to dinner, and the episode turned out to be a very pleasant one. I gathered from the gentleman's first inquiry of me that there were in England, just as in America, some people who make it a rule never to go out to dinner.

FARMING in WAR TIME



TO HORSE FARMERS

We would encourage you to tell us of your farms and your activities.

Produce A Salable Riding Horse

Gentling, Training And Showing

By Bill

The day he hits the ground is the ideal time to begin gentling the foal. Since raising horses is a secondary activity with most ranchmen, time is not available to attain the ideal, but we can and must work toward it if good horses are to be raised economically. The earlier in life the foal is haltered, led and gentled, the easier it is to doctor him and keep his feet leveled. The gospel of "the level foot" needs more converts and closer adherence by believers. The foal will wear his feet off on the rocks, but unevenly, and nature must make an appropriate adjustment. This usually shows up in the form of a crooked, bony column in either front or hind leg or a stretched tendon. It is difficult to get away from the "good old days" when grass was plentifully cheap and forty dollars was a good price for a mature horse. At that time, a barren mare, a slipped foal, a permanently scarred-up back, a broken jaw, a wire cut, curby hocks or anyone of a hundred sources of economic loss to the breeder was of minor importance. Today, the breeder cannot afford to neglect the little things in his horse business.

Extract from a letter written in November, 1939, as a matter of business routine by one of the best known livestockmen in the southwest reads: "We have 49 half bred foals of 1939. We castrated the horse colts on November 3 and 4, and all have done well. They are still running in pasture with their dams, but we plan to get them, and also the fillies, up and on feed about December 1. The yearlings and two-year-olds, both geldings and fillies, will also be gathered in and put on feed about December 1. All of them will be fed and handled until along in April." The quoted remarks cover a whole chapter "In the book of horse raising in the southwest." They come from a busy man who manages several cattle ranches and gives time to judging in numerous livestock shows. He finds time, however, TO RAISE HORSES ECONOMICALLY. He bred three Thoroughbred stallions in 1939, will probably have to add the fourth for the 1940 season. He is not getting too deeply into the horse business because it is well known that he is raising good ones. Those, which are not good enough for him to retain, find a ready market. To stimulate interest,

a horse show and barbecue is made an annual event at this ranch when each hand shows the horses which he has worked with during the winter. Following this, final selection of three-year-old fillies into the broodmare bands is made from those which combine ruggedness, conformation, disposition, handiness and the ability to learn quickly.

An easy way to teach the very young foal to lead (if the mare is not wild) is by running its halter rope through the dam's halter ring and having both mare and foal driven, with a whip if necessary. The foal naturally will wish to keep up with the dam and the fact that the rope is movable through the halter ring will provide the hand who is doing the leading with the necessary "give" to prevent injury to the foal if he should pull back. Those in a later age-group are generally hackamored and allowed to drag a rope for several days, thus practically halter-breaking themselves. At this age, some prefer a rope around the thighs, while others prefer tying the colt to a burro. Whichever method is adopted in halter-breaking, the principle of not tying to a solid object must be observed or heads will be pulled down and the risk of bad rope burns incurred. A method which I think the cleverest I have ever seen is to attach a swivel to an overhead cable (one end of which may be tied to a tree limb to provide "give"), then to drop from the swivel a rope to which the hackamored colt is tied and left. As the colt fights, his forefeet lose the bracing power which makes possible a pulled-down head, and when he gives in, the pull on his head ceases. After a few hours of this, during which man has been in no way associated with his troubles, he is halter-broke and usually fatigued enough to accept a saddle.

After halter-breaking, whatever the age, slowly gain the colt's confidence until you can pick up and pound on his feet, pet him anywhere and have him stand quietly in the hackamore. The latter is important from a disciplinary standpoint in

later training. After a winter of feeding and gentling as a weanling, aside from treatment for injuries and FOOT LEVELING, let him alone until the next winter when further gentling may be followed by riding, if light riders are available. The ill effects of putting the average-sized man up on a long yearling may not at first be noticeable, but his future usefulness or value will be impaired.

Whatever the year of the first saddle, try to prevent the first pitch. Get him tired before saddling the first time (in the chute, if necessary); let him become accustomed to the feel of the saddle by leading him with it on during several daily periods of an hour or more, or let him wear an old one in the corral, but don't let his back get tender. If you expect to use a bit later, be sure it is a limber (snaffle) bit and keep it in his mouth during the leading periods. Here, it is emphasized that earing should never be resorted to when any other method less destructive to the horse's disposition is available. In this case it appears to be the lesser of two evils (ear with tact or accept the first pitch), so when you think he is ready to ride, tie him up close to the saddle horn of a sensible snubbing horse, ear the colt and let the rider ease into the saddle, move forward retaining only the necessary amount of twist on the ear to prevent pitching and release it when it is evident that the colt has accepted this new experience. If everything goes as it should, slowly ease off on the snubbing rope as you keep moving forward. When the lesson is complete and the rider is ready to dismount, repeat the snubbing and earing routine used in mounting. This routine is seldom needed more than twice. During the second lesson, when the colt is leading quietly, release the snubbing rope and let the colt follow the snubbing-horse while his rider teaches the colt the feel of his legs and reins. This sounds like a long operation, but try it and it will be found that after a few careful lessons you will have a broke horse which has never pitched and probably never will if reasonably good judgment is used in his future handling.

The next step is to continue the colt's training as an individual. DO not permit abrupt stopping and turning at this time. Hundreds of potentially good horses are ruined by trying to make them handle as two-year-olds. The colt's joints do not harden, nor do his tendons and ligaments mature until he is a three-

Continued on Page Eighteen

HERD DIRECTORY

TREND REPORT (Up-To-Date News)

This listing provides reliable information for prospective buyers. There is more than an average increase of new herd owners at this time.

MARYLAND

ABERDEEN-ANGUS BEEF CATTLE
FERCHERON DRAFT HORSES
MONOCACY FARMS Frederick, Md.

PENNSYLVANIA

SYDNEY GLASS
Registered Aberdeen-Angus Cattle
R. D. 4, West Chester, Pa.
Phone: West Chester 2715

TENNESSEE

JOHNSTON FARMS
Polled and Horned Hereford Cattle
McDonald, Tennessee

VIRGINIA

ANNEFIELD PLANTATIONS
Choice Aberdeen-Angus Cattle
W. B. WATKINS Berryville, Va.

CHAPEL HILL FARM
ABERDEEN-ANGUS CATTLE
Herd sire Eric 2nd of Redgate 597295
T. B. and Bangs Accredited
DAVID E. DONOVAN, Mgr.
Chapel Hill, Berryville, Va.

REGISTERED POLLED SHORTHORNS
The practical farm cattle from a dependable healthy herd.
HARRY L. McCANN
Winchester Virginia

MONTANA HALL SHORTHORNS
Cows from the best horned and polled families
Will calve to OAKWOOD PURE GOLDs
A few promising calves (horned and polled)
now available
White Post, Va.

REGISTERED ABERDEEN-ANGUS BREEDING STOCK
Inspection Invited — Visitors Welcome
George Christie Edward Jenkins
Manager Owners
RED GATE, MILLWOOD, VA.

POLLED SHORTHORN BEEF CATTLE
International Grand Champion Bulls
on straight Scotch Foundation females.
Top converters of grass into beef at weight for age.
MR. AND MRS. A. MACKAY SMITH
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WEST VIRGINIA

OLIVEBOY REGISTERED HEREFORDS
PRINCE DOMINO (MISCHIEFS)
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Charles Town, W. Va. Phone 5-7-4

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R. F. D. 4, WEST CHESTER, PA.

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Aberdeen-Angus Heifers

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Also a Few Older Cows

MRS. ABRAM S. HEWITT

MONTANA HALL

White Post, Va.

3, 1943

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CHESTNUT



As his name implies, this light-weight gelding is a chestnut with a blazed face and stocking on his rear feet and is another veteran of the 101st Cavalry at Devens. Slightly over 15 hands, he weighs 1,100 pounds. Bred in Tennessee in 1934, he was bought by the Army for \$165. He was brought to Camp Lee from the TQ. M. Remount Depot at Front Royal on July 10th, 1942. He is exceptionally handy and wonderfully gaited. He is quick as a flash and is peculiarly sensitive to leg aids. CHESTNUT is a splendid type for troop duty or as an instructor's mount. Major L. G. Shreve of "Wavertree", Glenelg, Maryland is up.

OUR HORSE RESOURCES

(Pic. courtesy Horse & Mule Ass'n.)



This is a typical view of range mares on the C. S. Ranch in New Mexico. These mares are evidently in wonderful shape.



A good sort of mare on the 6666 Ranch in Texas. These mares however are far above the average of brood mares generally available in the country.

Shorthorns

These bulls will refine your commercial herd faster than any other beef breed. Write us for information.



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EL-DURO



Gentle, sweet-tempered, and easy to handle is EL-DURO, reserved for the exclusive use of Camp Lee's Commanding General, Major General James E. Edmonds, an able, enthusiastic horseman. The General rides regularly many times twice daily, and frequently uses EL-DURO for inspection tours throughout the military reservation. EL-DURO is a brown gelding, stands 15 hands 3 inches, and weighs 1,100 pounds. He was foaled in 1935 of unknown breeding. Raised by Harry McNair near Chicago, he was purchased by the Army at Chicago on Armistice Day, November 11, 1940, for \$165, and shipped immediately to the Quartermaster Remount Depot at Front Royal. He remained at Front Royal until April 18, 1941, when he was shipped to Camp Lee for General Edmonds' use and has been the General's mount since that time. EL-DURO has given perfect satisfaction -- "the General thinks the world of him," so says Staff Sergeant Walter A. Hepler who is in charge of the Camp Lee stables.

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Rebuild With A Cow Herd

By Louis E. Hawkins, Okla. A and M.

(From the Shorthorn World)

Men who have money to invest are rather in common agreement that the safest place to put it right now is, with the exception of War Bonds, in farm lands. There is more certainty of holding their money together indefinitely and realizing substantial profits in periods of favorable price relationship as is true at present.

Size of Farm

The size of farm to buy will depend upon the amount of money the man has to invest but in no case should he handle less acreage than minimum for an efficient operating unit. This will vary with productivity of the land, but for a safe guide under average conditions of climate and management factors is to arrange for a breeding herd of at least fifty cows, if running a cow herd is to be the major enterprise. The number of acres to keep a cow the year round and her calf to weaning age, varies roughly from four on good Corn Belt farms to as high as forty on sparsely vegetated ranges. Logically enough the price of land likewise varies proportionately and about the same dollar investment in land is required to maintain a cow in any locality.

Buildings, fencing, watering and feeding facilities and farm equipment necessary to operate a farm stocked with fifty cows for breeding and such other livestock as to balance the operations of the farm will have to be well planned. Many farms are over-built and too large a fraction of the gross revenue is absorbed in upkeep. It is possible to under-equip a place, on the other hand, to the extent that resulting losses of livestock and feed from exposure to weather far exceed what the right kind and amount of equipment would cost. These details have to be determined for the individual farm with the assistance of persons familiar with conditions in the area.

Combat Erosion

American farmers are realizing more fully every year that the best use they can make of a large share of their land is to produce cattle on it. Cattle production on diversified farm land enables the operator to combat erosion on rolling land successfully and to secure maximum returns from such land in pasture, hay and other feed crops.

Practices of successful cattle producers, many years of study by agricultural experiment stations and more recent intensive work of the Soil Conservation have clearly demonstrated that the system of farming most effective in controlling soil erosion includes more pasture, hay and small grain crops and less cultivated row crops. These broadcast or closely drilled crops are better adapted to a year round cover of the land when arranged in proper combination than row crops are and they withstand water erosion best.

They are most suited to terraced fields when the land is so rough as to require terracing also. Harvesting crops of this type by allowing cattle to graze them greatly reduces the cost of operations and removes minimum quantity of plant nutrients from the soil. Furthermore a crop is at its highest point of nutritive value to the animal insofar as vitamins and digestibility are concerned when in the green pasture stage. Most profitable rotations of crops on all diversified farms except perhaps

the very best corn land include certain of the sorghums. These are best utilized by cattle in form of silage or cured fodder.

Many thousand acres of land which formerly grew cotton profitably in the South and Southwest have been forced out of row crop cultivation in recent years because of the cumulative effects of soil erosion. The typical history of much of that land has been to grow corn a few years when the land was new, cotton many years hereafter until most of the organic matter was burned out of the soil and severe washing had removed the productive surface layer and left bad gullies, then sorghums because they were heavy soil feeders and able to suck the last remaining available plant nutrients from the land, and finally such fields were turned out as worthless, no longer able to yield enough to pay for plowing, planting, cultivating and harvesting. Similar experience has been met on soils further north than the Cotton Belt where the land was subject to water and wind erosion.

A New Type of Farming

A new type of farming is developing in these areas, not really new to the world but new to these areas. Abandoned fields and others of low productivity are being put to native and imported perennial grasses, to annual grasses and legumes, small grain and forage crops in such combinations and rotations as to restore the productivity of the land (with the aid of soil treatment) and utilize it with livestock, especially cattle, while improvement is in progress. Naturally the people in many sections are not livestock minded and progress will be slow. Farmers have to learn how to handle cattle as well as how to handle their land. But many a young man whose father and grandfather mined the soil and allowed it to wash away is alive to the fact that he has no other alternative but to establish a diversified pasture-small-grain-forage-livestock type of farming if he is to stay in business and make a living off the land.

Profitable pasture and forage farming is in no sense limited to poor land. The Illinois and Missouri Agricultural Experiment Stations and hundreds of successful farmer cattlemen in the Corn Belt have clearly demonstrated that returns can be increased on land of good productivity by use of a pasture crop in a rotation compared to rotations limited to harvested crops.

All classes of cattle consume these pastures and forage crops to various extents, of course, with preference going to the cow herd for maximum utilization. Straw stacks are another by-product of this type of farming and the old cow makes good use of straw if there is any left for her after bedding needs have been met.

That no breed excels the Shorthorn under this system of production is clearly evidenced by the popularity of the reds, whites and roans as one travels through the country. This system of farming and the Shorthorn breed are making their special contribution to maximum food production in the emergency of short farm labor supply and very great food requirements.



If every man, woman and child in the United States lays aside \$100 the aggregate will be about \$13,000,000,000 or the amount the Treasury must raise in its Second War Loan.

A Question Of Pasture Utilization

By Castle Hill

As usual at this time of the year, cattle men begin to look around to size up what they are going to have for their stock during the probable dry weeks ahead (and in any part of the country certain of these weeks can be counted on to be dry). If there are breeding cows with calves at foot involved, it is certain that maximum milk production must be kept up as well as a certain amount of young luscious grass for the youngsters to feed on.

While alfalfa is a great hay—and certainly never to be overlooked for storage against the winter, it is mighty good for the alfalfa lay to graze it once in each season—the tamping of hoofs will tend to help the roots and help the lay toward longevity. As a matter of fact there is no reason for the often made statement that alfalfa only last so many years in certain localities. If it is fed with lime and phosphates regularly, each year, and grazed a bit each year, alfalfa will stay good for many many years. As an example of this, in Argentina, an alfalfa lay is looked upon as good for forty years and then some—it may appear to be full of other grasses, but that makes it all the better, the alfalfa will assert itself if given the necessary stimulant.

So use it at this time, for a catch feed for a short while—the question of bloat need not worry if animals are put on it with full bellies—though it is wise to keep an eye on them for a while at dewtime. Then there will be certain fields, or there should be for a good stock farm, where there is adequate shade, where animals can go during the heat of the day and rest up—knock the flies off, and then in the evening turn out and go to grazing with restored energies due to the rest or “siesta” they have had.

Beef cattle are creatures of habit, they like to do the same thing at the same time each day—study the herd and the owner can soon establish a means whereby the things the herd like to do most are made easy for them. They should be given a pasture where their idiosyncrasies can be catered to. Cool water is one thing that should always be uppermost in the herd owner's mind. It is not well to have a trough right out in the open sun, where any water, however fresh and clean it may be, is bound to be tepid—water should be under shade—this may sound like pampering—but the herd that can get cool water out of a running stream that travels under shade, will certainly do better than another that has to put up with hot drinking. I have seen cattle in the less improved areas of the northern part of the Province of Sante Fe, Argentina, walk miles for a drink, and it would be out of a hot lagoon—these cattle would have tough going during the drought season—however when the owners of those great cattle estancias began to sink semi-artesian wells and fill a million and a half litre reservoirs, then grow shade willows around them—these same cattle would stand all kinds of drought and where they found it I don't know, but they would come out in shape for calf maintenance thriving.

After all, the question of pastures

Unnecessary Cruelty

There is a lot of cruelty in this world that is not necessary. A small truck pulled up by my office window one morning. Filled with calves, most of them Hereford grades. They were so tight in that they had no room to even stand straight. An unintelligent looking type of negro was the driver and sole occupant. One of the calves was down and already dead. The truck was on its way to a distant point north. The sun will be hot before they arrive. This is not the driver's fault so much as the owner, who is transporting these calves.

It is not a nice thing to have to talk about, in a paper that should be cheerful, but this little story may cause people to think a little in terms of their stock that has to travel, whether to the slaughter pens or elsewhere. It is poor business to transport animals in this manner and it is definitely cruel. D. L. H.

and cattle is not very different in one part of the world from another—be observant and studious of the habits of the herd—and willing to look over your neighbour's fence—and you will keep the herd coming along, and the calves with them, through these drier months.

VACATIONS

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407 S. DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

WAR and the HORSE



The General Picture

There is no doubt but that the Allies have now gotten where they can gallop on the right side of the fence, though there will be rough enough ground to cover before the kill. This applies to both of our fighting fronts, or all of them if you like. In Sicily, we are able to advance and it is this writer's firm belief that the Wops will fold up if they are sure that the Hitlerites won't retaliate by cleaning up on them in the north before our troops can arrive to keep order.

There must be a tremendous amount of internal disruption in Europe—the Central Power territories that is. In 1919, up to the time we pulled off the Rhine, there was continual trouble—party movements, it seemed as if the boys just couldn't settle down to be good—they had been fighting for quite a while and it must have been in their blood.

Now, there is the trouble to be faced of the Nazi trained youth who just naturally have this thing of "against everything" in their systems, and then of course there are all the people who have been oppressed in the worst kind of way by Hitler and his dirty playing bunch of underlings. What a day for them when they can get their own back some!

There are certain signs that make one believe that October will be the time when things will really move—perhaps its just an intuition, but there it is for what its worth—just have October 1943 in mind.

Over in India the time would be ripe to go to do things, about in October—weather conditions such that a

move can be made. Time enough will have lapsed for a generous sufficiency of arms and troops to be on the field ready to move in. While Burma may have been rather well prepared by the Japs for defense, still they have done nothing, nor could they have, to make an advance from there in any direction—their sea power will not permit it. In fact it may well be said that there are troops to the north of them, south of them, and on the west, too—there will be some dirty fighting and the Japs will not think of giving up, due to having been at it too long and having internal dissension, like the Nazis and Wops—its going to have to be a case of pretty nearly total extermination—which may be the best move in the long run, anyway.

Of our Horse Cavalry, we have a Division on the spot, busy getting mounted—also another regiment—probably well mounted by now and helping the Aussies round up the wild horses which we have run pictures of. Then we have a colored Division (The 2nd) back in this country, mounted and built round the old 9th and 10th Cavalry, than which there were never better seasoned Cavalrymen—this writer is not the only one who is trying to puzzle out what they intend to do with them. Also there is the tail end of the Cavalry Brigade of Texans, down south, really doing tough training, we are told—they, too, could join the other half of their Brigade when the time is ripe to transport them.

Just how much mounted Cavalry action will be used depends on the

Virginia Generals

As The Chronicle originates in Virginia, we may be pardoned if we tell of the two Gerows. Mr. L. R. Gerow, of Petersburg, Va., now has the proud distinction of fathering the commanding officer of the United States Field Forces in the European theatre—Maj.-Gen. Leonard Townsend Gerow has recently succeeded Maj.-Gen. Russell F. Hartle in that capacity. Then he is also the father of Brig.-Gen. Lee Saunders Gerow. They were both graduates of V. M. I.—Lee Gerow was on the Rhine in one of the "G's" offices—the whereabouts at that time of Leonard Townsend is not known by this writer—but he did have command of the 29th Division at the beginning of 1942. He also was in War Plans and Training at the end of 1940.

A Great Polo Player

Most men know Earl Shaw—the quiet but tremendously valuable man on a polo field. Word just comes from Tom Pilcher, who played with him one entire winter at Camden, S. C., back in 1913 that Earl is through with polo due to a spinal injury, the result of the last of his many injuries on the field. Earl was for a long time with George Miller in San Antonio and he taught both Rube Williams and Cecil Smith most of what they knew of polo in their early day at the game. His chief activity was round Toledo, Detroit and Cleveland. One of the men it was always a pleasure to play with or against and at the same time it could not help but be instructive.

terrain it is to be supposed, but it is positively known that General Stillwell has cried for these troops on several occasions and that the Japs already have them down on the peninsula of Burma, Indo-China and those parts. If the Aussies have enough horses for the time being—they will probably be used—if there prove to be not enough, they may take some from here, that is purely a matter for the far higher ups to talk about. We just are in no position to even make a guess.

Yes Sir, Man (Second Generation)

Now we have the result of the "Yes Sir" man as passed on to the 2nd generation. He, the original, has feathered his nest and is still doing it—he has become a manager, his boss having left the farm, with this man in charge, who, due to his age and added responsibility and the lack of interest of the owner carries on.

He is the father of children, they have been brought up to be spoiled and expect money to come the easy way, they have no sense of responsibility. They dress well, go to good schools, drive an assortment of big cars (bought with the money from the employer) and certainly in this day of gas conservation, do nothing toward saving on the road, if they can get away with it.

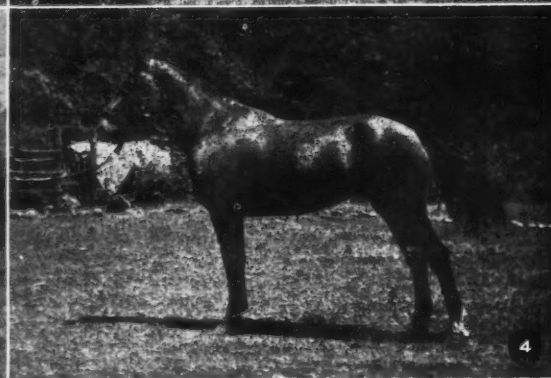
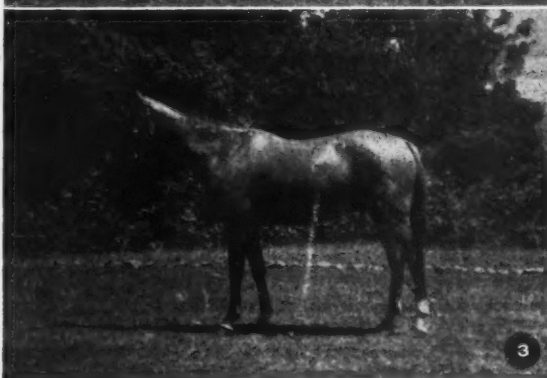
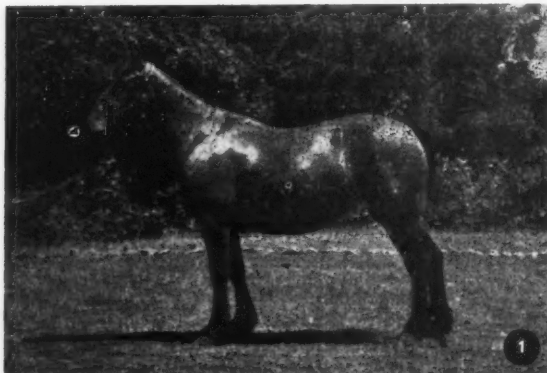
These children, though old enough to go in the U. S. service do not do so, they were never brought up to think in any other terms than of themselves—their father made his that way.

What a fine breed of stock to raise, and all because the monied owner liked to conduct his farm activities the easy way! That owner made his pile, maybe never had money before, he liked to be looked on as a landowner—and he liked a smoothe form of sycophant under him—though in the days when he was making that pile he was very careful to employ only men of his own ilk who were not afraid to stand up and let him know what they thought of his business enterprises—that was really their worth to him—an inherent honesty. He did not look for that in his later adventures into the realms of the country gentleman—more's the pity.

He may have bred good stock, on four legs, but his two-legged kind were definitely not right—their influence will go on being reflected—unless they are brought to an abrupt halt through the school of hard knocks. No better time exists than right now—Uncle Sam can and will do it and pay them while doing the best job in the world on this material that is really good, but has unfortunately been raised wrong.

Notes From A Cavalry Regiment Overseas

1. Draft type, used for riding, as pack horses. 2. There is a high percentage of mares in horses received. 3. Good type trooper's mount. 4. A good pack horse of the draft type. (Courtesy Cavalry Journal.)



Oakland Horsemen

Continued from Page One

pearance of the Parade headed by United States Marines; Harold Knudsen, President of the Horsemen's Association with his two young aides, Corinne Smith and Ted Dryer; the Ladies Mounted Patrol Unit, Mounted Messengers; Alameda County Mounted Sheriff's Posse; the various Mounted Police units, each headed by its captain; and the representative groups from seven riding and boarding stables in Oakland.

L. R. (Pat) Linfoot, one of the best judges in Northern California tied the ribbons in all classes in short order and with excellent judgment. George Walling acted as Horse Show Manager and Bill Stremmel, U. S. Marines, acted as announcer.

Kay Edwards' **Sir Kipling**, a local horse, was the best of the Green Jumpers over Barbara Worth Zimmerman's **Bivouac**, owner up; Dolly Dee, ridden by owner Norma Burton; and **Star Dust**, owned by Lola Lee Osborn and shown by Muriel Butler. The last three horses tied on performance and had to jump off before awards could be decided.

The Working Hunter Class, shown over a tricky course with sharp turns and a pig pen to negotiate but little room for galloping, was won by **Bivouac** over **Bataan**, owned and shown by Barbara Worth Zimmerman also, **Billy the Kid**, Selma Piazzi, owner, up, and Mrs. Gerald Gray's **Brian Boru**.

Brian Boru came up to win the Handy Hunter Class with 11 entries over **Billy the Kid**, **Bataan**, and **Sir Kiplin**.

The only equitation class in the show, limited to children 12 years of age and under, was a triumph for the male of the species. Molly Mulford was the only girl to place, having to be content with second place, Leo Dryer taking the blue, and Lloyd Green and Jimmy Black placing third and fourth.

With 26 entries in the Pleasure Horse Class, saddlebreds seemed to be favored. Mrs. W. R. Osborne's **Drum Major** placed first over **Billy the Kid**, Jacqueline Hicks up. **Attorney General**, owned by Dr. Don Weaver and shown by Evelyn Leydecker, and Mrs. C. D. Kendall's **Ben Hur**. First, third, and fourth places winners were straight American saddlebreds.

Trojan and **Sonny Boy**, two white stallions and father and son, won the Pair Class for Mrs. Harold Ness, their owner and Mrs. Edward Begk over a pair of chestnuts, **La Zova Moon**, owned and ridden by Deane Burton and **Attorney General**; Mr. and Mrs. Martin Murray's well-matched palominos, **Duchess** and **Frosty**; and a pair of brown horses from the Mills College Riding School, **Noah** and **Kyack**, shown by Elena and Irene Lagorio.

The Trail and Stock Horse Classes, the largest in the show, saw **Silvers**, Charming Abbey's clever, young quarter horse the outstanding winner with a first in Solid Color Trail Horses and a first in Open Stock. **Rory O'Rourke**, Merritt Herrick's entry, was consistent with a second under **Silvers** in both classes. Mrs. Gerald Gray's **Domingo**, was still unbeatable in the Palomino Class, and Floyd Galbraith's **Ibn Arab**, second again. Mrs. Don Weaver's nice mare, **Donna D'Ora** placed third over **Shasta**, entry of Elsie Lang and shown by W. R. Clark.

A substantial part of the profits of the show is to revert to the Oak Knoll Naval Hospital. (Summaries on file.)

"Hard Work Never Hurt No One", Says Uncle Frank, Veteran Custodian

By Bud Burmester

Uncle Sam's army draft folks have no interest in "Uncle Frank" Nichols, veteran custodian at Mrs. H. P. Bonner's Hurst, Tex., Thoroughbred nursery, for the simple reason the old colored fellow is past eighty three, but as spry as a man one third his age. "I buys me all the war bonds I can afford out of my pay, and it doesn't take much to keep an old man like me in vittles" explains Frank.

Born in Cuero, Texas, in the summer of 1860, old Frank vividly remembers the early development and activity in the Lone Star State, following the close of the War Between The States, and prior to the turn of the century. He has been with Thoroughbreds for more than 60 years, and rightfully, as he tells it, belongs to Norman (Butzey) Hernandez, the Bonner trainer, for whom Frank has been working for the past eight years. Mrs. Bonner, however, just annexed the old fellow to look after her place in Texas.

Frank is right at home at Hurst, even though he is the only human on the place now that the Bonner

stables, as well as the J. O. Hart establishment, which adjoins, are away at the races. He has lots of company, though, for since arriving at Hurst, he has raised several hundred chickens, a couple of hogs, a turkey and her brood, several cats and kittens, without which a stable wouldn't be a stable, especially a racing stable, and a small fox terrier, which is at once his pride and joy. Of course, there are a lot of Thoroughbreds, and Frank is busy from daylight to dusk.

"One of these days, when I get too old to work, I'll retire and go back to Cuero to live out my life" declared Frank as he saddled his favorite paint pony, and took off on his daily pilgrimage through the big pastures to see how the brood mares and foals were doing.

Frank's recipe for long life is hard work and plenty of it.

"Hard work never hurt no one" he says. There's lots of other folks holding the same sentiments, especially those of the old school. Maybe, that's what's wrong with the modern world, not enough hard work.

7 Texas Fillies Will Be Shipped To Cuba And Central America

Acting for a group of Cuban, Honduran and Central American Thoroughbred patrons, Bud Burmester, recently completed negotiations with Texas breeders for seven well bred fillies, destined to join other breeding stock in the tropics, and which will be used to augment the Thoroughbred establishments owned by members of the Latin syndicate. Burmester will ship the seven fillies, along with four brood mares and four 1943 foals acquired by the same buyers some time ago, to Miami, Fla., where the contingent will make the final leg of the long journey by boat.

The list that will be shipped includes—**Silver Trace**, 8 yrs.; **Police Matron**, 3 yrs and her full sister **Primzo**, 4 yrs.; the 2 yr. old **Green Cherry**; **Morning Mist**, **Gay South** and **Miss Canton**.

Silver Trace was bred at Audley Farms and especially is **Green Cherry** looked upon as a filly with a lot of class. It is evident that the Cuban and Central American breeders are building up their establishments while our own prices are comparatively down.

Augmenting his recent purchases of fashionably bred Thoroughbred fillies for Cuban and Central American patrons, Bud Burmester, concluded a deal with Fred Koch, Kansas Thoroughbred breeder, whereby he acquired the 10 year old stallion, **Plea**, by "Teddy out of Appeal, by John P. Grier—Sweetheart by Ultimatus, and he will be shipped to Cuba with the other horses early in August.

Using Horses

This is no reflection on our major ally across the seas, but it does give some cause for wonderment why the British have never recognized the American Stud Book equally with their own General Stud Book. An old digger-out-of-facts-from-the-musty-past tells us that the horse **Matthew** pulled a plow before being trained for the Liverpool Grand National which he won in 1874. The following year **Chandler** won the same event after working for many months between the shafts of a chandler's cart. The 1855 winner of the Liverpool Grand National had spent his earlier days hauling week-end guests to his master's estate in an old style station wagon. And **Emigrant**, the winner in 1857, was apparently of a sturdier physique for he had freshmanned in his horse life pulling on omnibus somewhere in England.

Tiney Tim

Continued from Page One

Blue Cloud, Pat. There was a saddling and bridling race in which Mayo Priebe was the winner over George La Beau and Jim Maxwell. I was pleased to note that all entries were careful not to fluster their horses; they remembered "more hurry less speed."

Had there been a champion horse it would undoubtedly have been, Zandra Morton's **Golden Rust**, who won 3 blues, 3 reds, and a yellow. The Wurtele's **Recall** also collected a few satins as did Marilyn Long's **Panther Boy**.

Lt. Col. Gardiner B. Jones, judged

Summaries

Children's Horsemanship Over Fences—1. **Golden Rust**, Zandra Morton; 2. **Recall**, Ann Wurtele; 3. **Panther Boy**, Richard Long.

Children's Horsemanship (Hunter Seat), 13 yrs. and under—1. Jean Louise Boos; 2. Zandra Morton; 3. Noel Smith.

Lead Line, 6 yrs. and under—1. Virginia Ridgeway; 2. Barbara Anderson; 3. Linda Anderson.

Pony Class—1. **Pinky**, Mayo Priebe; 2. Pat, Paul Priebe; 3. **Blue Cloud**, Marcia Priebe.

Junior Equestrian, 9 yrs. and under—1. Robert La Beau; 2. Julia Warner; 3. Paul Priebe.

Hunter Hacks—1. **Golden Rust**, Zandra Morton; 2. **Recall**, Joan Wurtele; 3. **Flying Boots**, Noel Smith.

Children's Hunter—1. **Flying Boots**, Noel Smith; 2. **Recall**, Joan Wurtele; 3. **Panther Boy**, Marilyn Long.

Pleasure Class—1. **Lady Grace**, Cynthia Kelly; 2. **King Of The Snow Flakes**, Marilyn Long; 3. **Skipper**, Jean Louise Boos.

Saddling and Bridling Race—1. Mayo Priebe; 2. George La Beau; 3. Jim Maxwell.

Open Jumping—1. **Finnegan's Wake**, Richard Cheska; 2. **Golden Rust**, Zandra Morton; 3. **Recall**, Joan Wurtele.

Pairs of Horses—1. **One In A Million**, Jim Maxwell, and Mr. Chips, Jack Weston; 2. **Jaqueline Joy**, Joan Donaldson, and **Lady Grace**, Betty May Reeves; 3. **Recall**, Joan Wurtele, and **Flying Boots**, Noel Smith.

Tandem Bareback—1. Ann and Joan Wurtele; 2. **Beverley Ridgeway** and Cynthia Kelly; 3. Zandra Morton and Marilyn Long.

Hunt Teams—1. **Golden Rust**, Zandra Morton; **Flying Boots**, Noel Smith, **Panther Boy**, Richard Long.

Letters To The Editor

Continued from Page Ten

Chronicle is my favorite paper and I read it through every week. Although I keep all the copies I'm making a scrap book of the Margaret de Martelly articles, Farming in Wartime and others of special interest for easy reference.

Another feature I enjoy so much is the very fine picture section. I had hoped to make a trip to Virginia this fall, but may have to postpone that for the duration. Very sincerely, (Miss) Ruth Cornelius, Topeka, Kans.

Some Congressmen

To The Editor,

Please change my address as above noted. I enclose a clipping on the history of the Cavalry accomplishments, thought you might enjoy it.

Congratulations on your "Give A Man A Job And Let Him Do It" editorial. What some Congressmen fail to realize is that their prerogatives aren't worth a damn unless we win the war. Some of them however, are beginning to look, act and sound more like John Lewis every day. My Regards, James G. McConaughty, Cpl. Bomber Trg.

SUGGESTED PROSPECTS

These people may like to subscribe to The Chronicle, if they have not already done so.

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Great Britain Notes

Continued from Page Nine

One week end they wanted to go away together and asked me if I would milk the Jersey cow kept for the use of the house. Now although I had done everything in connection with the management and care of horses I had never milked a cow but consented to do my best. I think I must have hurt the poor little beast's tits on the Saturday night, as on the Sunday morning she would neither let her milk down or stand still. I found I had taken on one of the hardest jobs I had ever tackled and perspiration rolled off me. When I had got her about half milked she put her foot in the pail and that ended my experience of milking from that day to this.

It reminded me of the story told of old Alec Taylor, who trained for Caroline Duchess of Montrose ("Mr. Manton"). On one of her often tempestuous visits to Alec she greeted him with: "Taylor, I've just seen one of your cows with a bag nearly bursting. Get it milked at once". To this the great trainer replied "I'm here to train your grace's horses not milk the — cows". In America I was working for forty dollars a month and "all found" and soon found I could do better at home, so to Scotland I returned in time to back Tib each way for the Stewards Cup. I got 100 to 6 and also backed Lord Bradford's Fretwork at 100 to 9, for the Brighton Stakes. As both won, and as I had a tenner on the latter, I made more in a week than if I had remained in the States for a year. Nevertheless, I enjoyed my trip and have always found travel a great education.

My brother-in-law, James Scullion, who lived at Ayr, was, like his father, very keen on trotting. Both had many very useful trotters and all their lives took a very active part in this branch of sport, which, about this time was very popular in Scotland. At the forge at which I got Mr. Bellman's horses shod the blacksmith had an old trotter that could go like the wind. I was very keen to buy this animal to take it back with me to Scotland and found that the smith would sell, but on making enquiries about shipping costs I found that my bank would not run to it so had to return without the trotter. On the homeward journey I had the company of two pals—John Boyle and Stephen Card. We sailed in the S. S. City of Rome to Liverpool calling at Coney Island on Decoration Day, and there saw for the first time mixed bathing—white, black and yellow all went in together.

Salable Horses

Continued from Page Twelve

year-old. During the two-year-old year, then, teach him discipline; teach him to start and stop pleasantly, but not abruptly; work him at all gaits on the straightaway and always on the hackamore or limber bit. Let him have his head and teach him to put his head down into the bridle. This is the period of muscular elongation and cramped muscles will not properly develop. During this period, the balance should be on the forehead (ahead of the cinch). There is plenty of time later to collect him. Remember that the horse balances himself with his head and neck; so afford him the opportunity to develop, under conditions of relaxation, the new balance required by the imposition of the rider's weight.

We have discussed the colt; now let us talk about the rider who will carry on the colt's training and teach him to handle. When the horse breaks into the increased gait, many riders, instead of leaning forward (going with the horse), depend upon the cantle to catch the buttocks while the trunk goes backward and the hands fly up, with the result that the horse is hit on the mouth and the rider is behind the horse, i. e., he is out of balance with the horse which is also off balance because his head is in the air and he is 'behind the bit.' On the other hand, it is a pleasure to watch the relaxation displayed by the horse under a good polo trainer or a TOP calf roper because there is no anticipation of a crack on the mouth. Feel the tender bars of a horse's mouth (between the front and back teeth of the lower jaw) and you will want to shoot the first fourtate rodeo hand whom you see push against the cantle and rear back on his horse's mouth with all his might. If the rider will sit down in his saddle; go with his horse; relax his fingers, wrists, elbows and shoulders; lower his hands into a natural position; use the bit humanely (intermittently) and use his legs, not his spurs, to give the horse an indication that he is about to ask a change of gait or direction, training for handiness will be accomplished more quickly and effectively and will result in good head and neck carriage, proper haunch placement and fewer horses with unpleasant dispositions.

Even though only remotely related to the subject of training, preparation for the spring colt shows will begin soon and seems to merit some discussion in closing this article. These shows are gaining in popularity and the quality of competition. The prophecy is advanced that before

many years northern and eastern buyers will visit these shows to buy colts very much as they do now to get a line on cattle and sheep, which makes taking part in them at present more important than the thrill of winning or the disappointment of losing.

A few suggestions which may be of assistance are advanced below:

(a) If the colt is worth enough to exhibit, he is worth the work and feed to get him ready.

(b) Train the colt to stand quietly, lead without shying, or have his body and feet inspected in the presence of strange colts, new surroundings and unfamiliar, noisy people.

(c) Put him in good flesh on grain and plenty of roughage and exercise.

(d) A small amount of linseed meal, alfalfa or green wheat fed daily for about eight weeks will make him shed early and make his coat look slick if supplemented by daily grooming for three weeks prior to the show.

(e) Keep the clipper and shears off his mane and tail. Wash the tail with castile soap, comb out the dead hair and leave it alone unless you are good enough to plait up the two-year-old gelding and stud colts. After washing the mane and foretop, thin and pluck to about five inches in length, making edges of the mane even and follow the same rule on plaiting as with the tails. Do not plait the fillies until they are old enough to show under the saddle. Pluck the long hairs off the legs and under the jaws—don't use the shears.

(f) Provide a fair leather halter in good repair adjusted so that the nose band fits about a thumb's width below the protruding cheek bones. Well-polished brass hardware on the halter improves the appearance and a small size brass chain stallion shank completes a good looking outfit.

(g) If it is a one or two day show, carry along a barrel of water. A colt

will often refuse to drink, then, of course, will show poorly.

(h) While preparing for the show, the use of distemper vaccine is a sensible precaution. It will not prevent distemper but may hold it off a while and lessen the severity when and if it comes.

(i) During preparation, load and haul the colt often so he will not get scared and injure himself on the way to the show.

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The Sporting Calendar

For information of all our readers, please register your events.

Racing

MAY

22-Aug. 14-Spring and summer meeting, Detroit Racing Association Fair Grounds, Detroit, Mich. 73 days of racing.

THE GOVERNOR'S 'CAP. 6 furl., 3-yr.-olds and up, Sat., July 24 \$10,000
THE LANSING 'CAP. 5 1/2 furl., 2-yr.-olds, Sat., July 31 \$7,500
THE FRONTIER 'CAP. 1 1/4 mi., 3-yr.-olds and up, Sat., Aug. 7 \$10,000
THE GODOLPHIN 'CAP. 1 1-16 mi., 3-yr.-olds and up, Sat., Aug. 14 \$7,500

JUNE

21-July 24-Great Barrington Fair, Great Barrington, Mass. 30 days.
21-Sept. 6-Arlington Park Jockey Club, Inc. & Washington Park Jockey Club, Inc., at Homewood, Ill. 67 days.

STAKES

ARLINGTON CLASSIC, 1 1/4 mi., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., July 24 \$50,000 Added
HYDE PARK STAKES, 5 1/2 f., 2-yr.-olds, Wed., July 28 \$5,000 Added
CLEOPATRA 'CAP. 1 mi., 3-yr.-old fillies, Thurs., July 29 \$5,000 Added
ARLINGTON 'CAP. 1 1/4 mi., 3 & up, Sat., July 31 \$10,000 Added
FLOSSMOOR 'CAP. (turf) 1 1-16 mi., 3 & up, Wed., Aug. 4 \$5,000 Added
PRINCESS PAT STAKES, 5 1/2 f., 2-yr.-old fillies, Thurs., Aug. 5 \$5,000 Added
CHICAGO 'CAP. 6 f., 3 & up, Sat., Aug. 7 \$10,000 Added
DICK WELLES 'CAP. 1 mi., 3-yr.-olds, Wed., Aug. 11 \$5,000 Added
MODESTY 'CAP. 7 f., 3 & up, fillies & mares, Thurs., Aug. 12 \$5,000 Added
SHERIDAN 'CAP. 1 1/4 mi., 3 & up, Sat., Aug. 14 \$10,000 Added
WASHINGTON PARK JUVENILE STAKES, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, Wed., Aug. 18 \$5,000 Added
GREAT WESTERN CLAIMING 'CAP. 1 1/4 mi., 3 & up, Thurs., Aug. 19 \$5,000 Added
BEVERLY 'CAP. 1 1/4 mi., 3 & up, fillies & mares, Sat., Aug. 21 \$10,000 Added
MEADOWLAND 'CAP. (turf) 1 1/4 mi., 3 & up, Wed., Aug. 25 \$7,500 Added
PRAIRIE STATE CLAIMING STAKES, 5 1/2 f., 2-yr.-olds, Thurs., Aug. 26 \$5,000 Added
AMERICAN DERBY, 1 1/4 mi., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Aug. 28 \$50,000 Added
DREXEL 'CAP. 1 mi., 3 & up, Wed., Sept. 1 \$5,000 Added
HOMWOOD HIGHWEIGHT 'CAP. 5 1/2 f., 3 & up, Thurs., Sept. 2 \$5,000 Added
WASHINGTON PARK FUTUREITY, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, Sat., Sept. 4 \$20,000 Added
WASHINGTON PARK 'CAP. 1 1/4 mi., 3 & up, Sept. 6 \$50,000 Added

JULY

3-July 24-Ohio Sports Enterprises, Inc., Hamilton, Ohio. 19 days.

7-Sept. 11-Garden State Racing Ass'n., Camden, N. J. No racing Mondays, Sept. 6 excepted, 50 days.

QUAKER CITY 'CAP. 1 1-16 mi., 3 & up, Sat., July 24 \$5,000 Added
WILLIAM PENN STAKES, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, Sat., July 31 \$5,000 Added
VALLEY FORGE 'CAP. 6 f., 3 & up, Sat., Aug. 7 \$5,000 Added
COLONIAL 'CAP. 6 f., 3 & up, fillies & mares, Sat., Aug. 14 \$5,000 Added
JERSEY 'CAP. 1 1/4 mi., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Aug. 21 \$10,000 Added
TRENTON 'CAP. 1 1/4 mi., 3 & up, Sat., Aug. 28 \$10,000 Added
PRINCETON 'CAP. 6 f., 3 & up, Sat., Sept. 4 \$5,000 Added
WALT WHITMAN STAKES, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, Mon., Sept. 6 \$5,000 Added
VINELAND 'CAP. 1 1-16 mi., 3 & up, fillies & mares, Sat., Sept. 11 \$10,000 Added

28-Aug. 28-Saratoga Association, to be held at Belmont Park, Elmont, L. I., N. Y.

SARATOGA STAKES
AMERICAN LEGION 'CAP. 7 f., 3 & up, Mon., July 26 \$5,000 Added
THE FLASH, 5 1/2 f., 2-yr.-olds, Mon., July 26 \$5,000 Added
THE TEST, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds, fillies, Fri., July 30 \$5,000 Added
WILSON STAKES, 1 mi., 3 & up, Sat., July 31 \$10,000 Added
SARATOGA SALES STAKES, 5 1/2 f., 2-yr.-olds, Tues., Aug. 3 \$5,000 Added
SCHUYLERVILLE, 5 1/2 f., 2-yr.-olds, fillies, Fri., Aug. 6 \$5,000 Added
SARATOGA SPECIAL, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, Sat., Aug. 7 \$5,000 Added
Saratoga Special
MERCHANTS' & CITIZENS' 'CAP. 1 mi., 3 & up, Sat., Aug. 7 \$15,000 Added
WHITNEY STAKES, 1 1/4 mi., 3 & up, Tues., Aug. 10 \$10,000 Added
SANFORD, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, Fri., Aug. 13 \$5,000 Added
ALBANY 'CAP. 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, Tues., Aug. 17 \$5,000 Added
SARATOGA 'CAP. 1 1/4 mi., 3 & up, Sat., Aug. 21 \$20,000 Added
ADIRONDACK 'CAP. 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, fillies, Tues., Aug. 24 \$5,000 Added
DIANA 'CAP. 1 1/4 mi., 3 & up, fillies and mares, Wed., Aug. 25 \$5,000 Added
SARATOGA CUP, 1 1/4 mi., 3 & up, Sat., Aug. 28 \$25,000 Added

21-Aug. 21-Ascot Park, Akron, Ohio.
21-Aug. 7-Hamilton, Hamilton Jockey Club, Ltd., Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

AUGUST

2-Sept. 6-Washington Park Jockey Club, Inc., Homewood, Ill. 31 days.
7-Sept. 6-Dade Park Jockey Club, Inc., Henderson, Ky. 26 days.
9-Sept. 25-Narragansett Racing Association, Inc., Pawtucket, R. I. 42 days.
21-Sept. 6-Stamford Park, Belleville Driving & Athletic Ass'n., Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ont., Canada. 14 days.

28-Oct. 9-Fairmount Park Jockey Club, Collinsville, Ill. 32 days.

30-Sept. 18-Queens County Jockey Club, Aqueduct, L. I. 18 days.

HARBOR HILL 'CHASE 'CAP. abt. 3 mi., 3 & up, Wed., Sept. 1 \$5,000 Added
BUSHWICK HURDLE 'CAP. abt. 1 1/4 mi., 3 & up, Wed., Sept. 8 \$3,500 Added
GLENDALE 'CHASE 'CAP. abt. 2 1/4 mi., 4 & up, Wed., Sept. 15 \$7,500 Added

SEPTEMBER

7-Oct. 16-Hawthorne, Chicago Business Men's Racing Assn., Cicero, Ill. 39 days.

20-Oct. 9-Belmont Park, Westchester Racing Assn., Long Island, N. Y.

25-Oct. 2-Woodbine Park, Ontario Jockey Club, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
11-18-Thorncliffe Park, Thorncliffe Park Racing & Breeding Assn., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

OCTOBER

2-for 55 days-Bay Meadows, San Mateo, Calif.

6-13-Long Branch, Long Branch Jockey Club, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

11-20-Metropolitan Jockey Club, Jamaica, L. I. 9 days.

16-23-Dufferin Park, Metropolitan Racing Assn., of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

18-30-Sportsman's Park, National Jockey Club, Cicero, Ill. 12 days.

21-Nov. 3-Empire City Racing Assn., Yonkers, N. Y.

NOVEMBER

Racing in Mexico City will start in November and run to March. Dates will be published.

Steeplechasing

JUNE

29-July 30-Detroit Racing Association Steeplechase Club.

THE DRYDEN STEEPLECHASE PURSE, 2 mi., Friday, July 23 \$1,000
THE SAGINAW VALLEY STEEPLECHASE, 2 mi., Monday, July 26 \$1,500
THE OAKLAND STEEPLECHASE (Claiming), 2 mi., Tuesday, July 27 \$1,000
THE BURGERMEISTER STEEPLECHASE (Claiming), 2 mi., Wednesday, July 28 \$1,200

THE METAMORA HUNT CLUB STEEPLECHASE 'CAP. 2 1/2 mi., Thursday, July 29 \$5,000

THE SEA SOLDIER STEEPLECHASE (Claiming), 2 mi., Friday, July 30 \$1,000

JULY

26-Aug. 26-Saratoga Association at Belmont Park, Elmont, N. Y.

THE SHILLELAH 'CHASE, abt. 2 miles, Aug. 4 \$5,000 Added

THE NORTH AMERICAN 'CHASE 'CAP. abt. 2 miles, Aug. 11 \$3,000 Added

THE BEVERWICK 'CHASE 'CAP. abt. 2 miles, Aug. 18 \$3,000 Added

THE SARATOGA 'CHASE 'CAP. abt. 2 1/2 miles, Aug. 25 \$5,000 Added

Yearling Sales

AUGUST

1-10-Definite date to be announced. Also exact location. California Breeders' Association.

Keeneland, Kentucky

9-11-Sale of yearlings will be at Keeneland, Ky.

Afternoon 9th, Monday

Horace N. Davis
Tollie Young
E. K. Thomas
D. E. Holman
L. A. Moseley
Mrs. John M. Branham
Mrs. R. H. Anderson
Mrs. Clyde Smith
M. C. & C. G. Boyd
Miss Mildred Woolwine
Frank Spencer
Dr. F. F. Bryan
W. G. Suduth

Evening 9th, Monday

Almahurst Farm (H. H. Knight)
Greenwich Stud (W. B. Miller)
Lucas B. Combs
Leslie Combs, 2nd
Dr. Chas. E. Hagyard
W. Lee Nutter
Horatio Mason
Hartland Farm
Estate J. O. Keene

Afternoon 10th, Tuesday

R. A. Fairbairn
Marshall Field
Charlton Clay
W. S. Threlkeld
Warner L. Jones
Charles Nuckols
E. D. Axton
J. B. Hurst
L. F. Holton
Dr. G. H. Knapp
Grant Dorland
F. E. Johnstone

Evening 10th, Tuesday

Clairborne and Ellerslie Studs
(A. B. Hancock)

Afternoon 11th, Wednesday

Mereworth Farm (W. J. Salmon)

Evening 11th, Wednesday

Thomas Platt
T. C. Platt
Military Stock Farm
Dr. Eselle Asbury
Chas. A. Asbury

SEPTEMBER

21-22-Sale of yearlings will be at Meadow Brook Club, L. I.

Horse Shows

JULY

31-Castle Park Junior Horsemanship, Castle Park, Mich.

AUGUST

1-Barberton, Ohio.
7-Hot Springs, Va.
7-Colorado Springs Horse and Colt Show, Colorado Springs, Colo.
7-14-Colorado Springs, Colo.
21-Long Green Carnival, Long Green, Md.
28-Allentown, Pa.

SEPTEMBER

1-Annual Castle Park Amateur Horse Show, Castle Park, Mich.
3-Nazareth, Pa.
6-Johnson City Horse Show, Johnson City, Tenn.
6-Altos, Pa.
6-St. Margaret's Church, Annapolis, Md.
12-Brookville, L. I., N. Y.
16-Pikesville Kiwanis Club, Pikesville, Md.
16-18-Stony Brook, L. I., N. Y.
16-18-Charlottesville, Va.

OCTOBER

8-10-West Orange, N. J.
10-Chevy Chase, Md.

NOVEMBER

3-10 or 6-National Horse Show, New York. (Tentative).

If you haven't gotten around to buying a Second War Loan Bond, stop and think what it would mean to you if our soldiers hadn't gotten round to the fight.

Hosiery Repairing
Glove Repairing
Glove Cleaning
Re-weaving
In-weaving

Southern Stelos Co.
618-12th St., N. W.
Washington, D. C.

Bulletin Board

WE WOULD EMPHASIZE—

The success of our system of contacting those whose names are sent in as prospective subscribers is evident weekly. We ask all our readers to please bear this in mind and give us lists as they may come to you.

Photographs which are interesting to you are often nice for other readers to see, we are glad to reproduce them on our offset pages and believe that they are warranting your kindness in submitting them, with explanatory information for our captions.

It is our intention, and we began last week, to try and give a general picture, through illustrations, of the types of horses used all over the world. If you have any photographs that will help complete this review, we ask you to let us use them, all pictures will be returned after reproduction.

In The Country:-



Col. Daniel Leininger, Retires

Amid impressive military ceremonies Colonel Daniel B. Leininger, Veterinary Corps, was formally retired from active service at Fort Ord, Cal. recently.

A veteran of 32 years of faithful service to his government he was considered one of the Army's best Veterinarians.

Specializing in foot diseases he gained wide recognition and was appointed Senior Instructor in the Department of Hippology, Fort Riley, Kansas serving there from 1917 to 1920.

A keen hunting man, he also was a former M. F. H. of the Fort Ord Hunt as well as Honorary Veterinarian of the Fort Bliss Hunt.

His presence will be missed by all those who knew him.

Mounted Beach Patrol

Under the guiding hand of Col. Roger Fitch (Cavalry) Post Commander Fort Ord, an efficient and hard working mounted beach patrol has been organized.

Ranging over shifting sand dunes near the oceans edge, the mounted patrol keeps a vigilant lookout for any suspicious activity. No idealistic experiment the patrol has proved its worth on a number of occasions besides conserving the energy of the troopers. It can well be set up as a model for units of a like nature elsewhere.

Fullerton Inn

Though we have no direct word from Ed Vall, we are informed that he is again active up there with his riding promotion over the trails of Vermont.

Equinox Stables

The Riding for fun stables of the Dirk van Ingens are again active—Mrs. van Ingen being chiefly handling the task while Dirk is absent.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

The Chronicle welcomes the following as new subscribers for the week beginning July 19, 1943:—

Harold Wagey, Jr., Nebraska
Mrs. Carl Eksten, Jr, New York
Mrs. Ralph Chapman, Ohio
Miss Mildred L. Garner, Virginia
Andre Folt, Canada
Miss Zandra Morton, Minnesota
Miss Claudette Maxwell, Minnesota
Mr. R. L. Smith, Minnesota
Mr. Ralph J. Mather, Minnesota
Miss Peggy Boas, Maryland
Cpl. William McNichol, Louisiana
Pvt. Heard Robertson, Kansas

California Notes

At a meeting held this week by the Los Angeles Turf Club, Leigh M. Battson was re-elected president, and Dr. Charles H. Strub, retained his post as vice-president and general manager. No racing plans were announced for Santa Anita, which is now being used as an ordnance school by the Army. Other officers elected were, Gwynn Wilson treasurer and assistant general manager, Hugh Blue secretary, Robert E. King controller and assistant secretary.

Capt. Jack Holt is home on leave from Fort Reno, 2nd Lieut. Bert Gough and Corp MacDawson on leave from Ft. Riley.

McMahon And Wright

Dick McMahon of the Grand Circuit of years ago—I remember him: at Libertyville, driving a good pair from his house at the outskirts of the town where Sam Insull lived. Today we recall him as Whirlaway is sent to retirement. In James E. Doyle's column in the Cleveland Plain Dealer, sent us by Cris Oglebay, in his usual thoughtful way, we read:—"Twice in 1939, the 17th of his 18 years as manager of Calumet Farm, when Dick McMahon advised Warren Wright to take an offer of \$100,000 for 8 yearlings by *Blenheim II. Mr. Wright couldn't be advised that day and that made it fine for everyone at Calumet, for Whirlaway was one of the eight.

Dick drove harness horses for Warren Wright's father—for his first 8 years at Calumet there was never a running horse on its whole acreage. In 1931—Dick reminisced, there were over 450 standard-breds at Calumet—it was the year he drove Calumet Butler to a win of the Hambletonian. But William M. Wright knew nothing about it—he lay unconscious at the time and died a few months later.

But the story goes on that son Warren had not been interested in either runners or trotters—so he got rid of the standard breds and because Hertz and some others had ribbed him about the Wright trotters, he went after the best runners he could get—*Blenheim II seemed a good investment—well there is Whirlaway now—what do you think? and you Ben Jones?—and why ask Dick McMahon—he can sit back now with his 76 years and be glad son Warren still sticks to horses—its a nice trait in any man more so if there's a Whirlaway in the bunch. D. L. H.

To Run Bay Meadows

The California Racing Commission this week, granted a fifty five day Fall Meeting to the Bay Meadows Race Track, located twenty miles south of San Francisco. The meeting will run from October 2nd to December 18th, and will include five charity days. The meeting was made possible by an act passed at the last session of the State Legislature granting one hundred racing days annually to Northern California, Bay Meadows which ran a spring meeting, is the only major California track, that has operated since the attack on Pearl Harbor.

Farming in England

By J. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH

About Bulls

A lecturer in an agricultural village who spoke at some length on the power of the human eye over the animal creation, did not accept the invitation of a local farmer to "Come and have a go at my bull, as he's tonned nasty". If you have a bull and he's what is called "a bit orkered", you musn't turn him out into a pasture through which runs a public footpath, no, not even as a sort of watch-dog at mushroom and blackberrying times. There's nothing, however, to stop you giving him freedom in other pastures which trespassers enter at their peril. A well-known shorthorn breeder used to say "I never give strange bulls any chances, and I always keep both eyes on my own;—you see I've had some with those supposed quiet bulls!" Now here is an extract from a letter from one of my farming and country-bred kinsfolk:

We strolled down the fields, climbing fences and gates (all the latter either so badly hung they wouldn't open, or securely fastened). It was a glorious night, and when you get down Lords Moorway it seems so thoroughly peaceful and Arcadian—even back-o'-beyond—with only the sounds of curlews and other birds. We were thoroughly enjoying it all until we were entering a field in which was a gentleman with a ring in his nose. We hadn't been introduced, and knew nothing of his character, so decided not to enter his preserves. We are not brave under these circumstances.

Horses Bitten By Adders

It is reported that there are more adders than usual on the moors, and that many sheep have been bitten. The other day an old dalsman informed me that there was no better cure than honeysuckle when either a human being or an animal had been bitten by a viper. Asked how the wound was treated he produced an ancient herbal, turned to a well-thumbed page, and handed it to me. I read.

Country people do also drink the juice against the biting of an adder; and having boiled the herb (honeysuckle) in water, they first wash the place with the decoction and then lay some of the herb to the hurt place. Honeysuckle boiled in swine's grease, and so made into an ointment, is good to apply to the biting of any venomous creature.

In the days when country folk

Flintridge Summaries

Jumpers, riders 14 years and over—1. Entry, Richard White; 2. Idle Chatter, Frances Zucco; 3. Poncho, Virginia Richardson.

Novice Horsemanship Class, Hunter or Hack Seat, riders 13 years and under—1. Entry, Johnnie Phillips; 2. Nocturns, Collegiate Stables; 3. Poncho, Virginia Richardson.

Trail Horses or Ponies, riders 14 years and under—1. Valentine, Flintridge Riding Club; 2. Silver, Leo Dupee Stables; 3. Cricket, Leo Dupee Stables.

Jumpers, riders 16 years and under—1. Jackette, Frances Zucco; 2. Rosie O'Grady, Collegiate Stables.

Horsemanship Class, Hunter or Hack Seat, riders 12 years and under—1. Mele Lani, Peter Nelson; 2. Entry, Norman Lipfitz; 3. Jackette, Frances Zucco.

Trail Horses or Ponies, riders 16 years and under—1. Nero, Harry Nelson; 2. Buckshot, Lynn Traveller; 3. Idle Chatter, Frances Zucco.

Horsemanship Class, Hunter or Hack Seat, riders 13 to 16 years—1. Nocturne, Collegiate Stables; 2. Nero, Harry Nelson; 3. Entry, Francis Hanson.

Stock Horses, riders 16 years and under—1. Buckshot, Lynn Traveller; 2. Patsy, Leo Dupee Stables; 3. Cricket, Leo Dupee Stables.

Jumpers, riders 16 years and under—1. Ugly Duckling, Virginia Richardson; 2. Jackette, Frances Zucco; 3. Sealcrest, Collegiate Stables.

Champion Horsemanship Class—1. Peter Nelson; 2. Frances Zucco; 3. Francis Hanson.

Judges—Miss Virginia Robbing, Miss Virginia Harper, Donald P. Hostetter and Walter D. K. Gibson, Jr.

knew the real and supposed medicinal value of every plant, the juice and seed of goose-grass taken in wine was believed to prevent the venom from an adder-bite reaching the heart. In the Whitby district it was commonly believed that a ring worn around an adder with a mountain-ash stick would render the reptile quite impotent. The safer plan would be to strike the adder on the head with the stick, or leave it entirely alone. These vipers attack only when trodden on, or suddenly disturbed from sleep on some sunny bank. Otherwise their one aim is to make themselves scarce on the appearance of human beings. In the 1668 edition of quaint Gervase Markham's "Masterpiece", he gives the following instructions as to how to treat a horse bitten by an adder:

First chase him up and down until he sweat, then let blood in the roof of the mouth, and lastly take a young cock pigeon and cleaving it in the midst, clap it hot to the wound, and then give the horse white wine and salt to drink. Other farriers clap hog's, or ox dung, or henbane bruised to the sore.

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE—Excellent mare in harness. 15.3. Quiet, good manners, good looking, Thoroughbred. Hunted past four seasons with Long Island and Maryland packs by owner and son. Mrs. F. C. Thomas, Huntington, L. I., Phone Coldspring Harbor 826. 7-23-3t-c

FOR SALE—Registered Tennessee Walking Horse, Top Show mares, Pleasure Horses, and yearlings. They are the worlds greatest pleasure horse, gentle, kind, and with wonderful conformation. Every horse fully guaranteed. Prairie Plantation, N. D. Pearce, Mgr. Millers Ferry, Ala. 7-23-2t-c

JONES TERRIERS—Puppies ready for delivery. P. O. Box 96, Upper-ville, Virginia. 7-23-4t-c

WANTED—Farm Manager on 160 acre farm well equipped. Small quality Angus herd. New modern home. 2 1-2 miles from Towson. Salary and commission. Apply C. F. Eck, 1901 N. Howard St., Baltimore, Md., Phone Mulberry 0564. 7-23-3t-c

PASTURE—I have 120 acres of splendid pasture, with a large creek running through it. Shade, shelter and abundant blue grass. Taking cattle or horses. Box EF, The Chronicle, Berryville, Va.

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